

BY 5.

of that
to the
uraged
w with
to him.
nce his
ute re-
replied
them

curious
ll, and
tween-
in the
occupa-
ing, for
return
orders
ico at

short
n the
rudite
nd did
work,
ss re-
wn it.
ary."

r.

PAGE

141

142

147

153

154

155

155

158

160

161

162

163

165

166

167

ip."

om-
VT'S

aces

be's

in
be
tra

dia-
the
ght
rip-

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

OF LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 46.—VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.
WITH SUPPLEMENT.



"AFTER DINNER."

FROM A PAINTING BY F. KRAUS.

THE WICKED LORD BYRON.

THE Byrons came in with the Conqueror, and stood well all through English history. One ancestor, at Horeston Castle, in Derbyshire, was hostage for Cœur de Lion's ransom; another fought by the side of Henry V., in France; a third rode at Bosworth, against Richard III.; a fourth was made Knight of the Bath, at the ill-fated marriage of Henry VIII.'s brother, Prince Arthur; a fifth, "Sir John Byron, the little, with the great beard," whose ghost still haunts the corridors of Newstead, was rewarded with Newstead Abbey, at the dissolution of the monasteries. Sir Nicholas Byron defended Chester, and fought gallantly at Edgehill. At the battle of Newbury, there were seven Cavalier brother Byrons, fighting against the Puritan flag. Another Lord Byron was groom of the bedchamber to Prince George, of Denmark, and married three times—first, a daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater; second, a daughter of the Earl of Portland; third, a daughter of Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, from the last of whom the great poet was descended.

A hundred years ago, the head of the family was William, fifth Lord Byron, the lord of Newstead, and of half of Sherwood Forest, and the master of the king's stag-hounds. In his youth, he had been a great rake, and had made himself notorious by his attempt to carry off Miss Bellamy, the beautiful actress. In 1765, at the age of forty-three, he was living quietly on his estates in Nottinghamshire, and on January 26th of that year he dined in company with a club of gentlemen of that county, at the famous Star-and-Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall, which stood on the site of the present Carleton Club.

At three o'clock, on the above-named day, there was a great stir and bustle at the tavern, for the hour of dinner was four o'clock. The club was to assemble in a second-floor back room, looking toward St. James's Park. The drawers (as waiters were still called, as they had been in Shakespeare's time) were spreading the snowy-white cloth and bringing up the silver and the glass. The claret, for which the tavern was celebrated, was being drawn off in endless pints from the wood. The joints were shedding fat tears at the great kitchen-fire; the puddings were bumping at the pot-lids; the turnspits were plodding at their wheels; the scullions were getting red and choleric over the frothing pheasants and hares; the transparent jellies and net-worked tarts were receiving the last touch of art from the dexterous hands of the head cook. The landlord was in his bedroom, fastening on his best gold shoe buckles for the occasion; the buxom landlady, at the parlor mirror, was smilingly adding to her tremendous pile of hair the slightest suspicion of powder, while the bright-eyed bar-maid was laughingly puffing out with trim fingers her brightest breast-knot. All was gay expectation and bustling excitement; for the county club of the gentlemen of Nottingham brought good customers to the house, and many of its members were men of title and fashion.

By-and-by, the guests came in from St. James's Street, and the Ring in Hyde Park, from the Mall, the Strand, and Spring Gardens—some hearty country gentlemen on horseback; others, cold and pinched from the cumbrous hackney-coaches of those days; two or three in elaborate dress in sedan-chairs, the lids of which were carefully lifted up by the Irish chairmen, to let out the powdered toupées and the gold-laced cocked-hats.

The later pictures of Hogarth (that great painter died in 1762) will tell us how these gentlemen from the banks of the Trent, the Soar, and the Idle—these lords of the light grass-lands, and rich, loamy furrows round Nottingham, Newark, Retford, and Mansfield—were apparelled. Let us observe their collarless, deep-cuffed coats, spotted with gold strawberries, and embroidered down the seams and outside pockets, or of light and gay colors, as pink and cinnamon; their deep-flapped, tamboURED and laced waistcoats; their frilled shirts and fine ruffles; their knee-breeches, and their gold and diamond buckles. Remark their powdered wigs, their laced hats, and, above all, their swords—those dangerous arbiters in after-dinner differences, when the claret went down faster and faster.

The guests, laughing and chatting, are bowed in, and bowed upstairs, and bowed into their club-room. Lord Byron, a passionate and rather vindictive man, is conspicuous among them in pleasant conversation with his neighbor and kinsman, Mr. William Chaworth, of Annesley Hall. The landlord announces dinner, and a long train of drawers appear with the dishes. At that pleasant signal, the gentlemen place their cocked-hats on the wainscot-pegs, while some unbuckle

their swords, and hang them up also. Mr. John Hewett, the chairman and toast-master of the evening, takes, of course, the head of the table, and presides at the chief joint. Near him, on the right hand, is Sir Thomas Willoughby, and, in the order we give them, Mr. Frederick Montague, Mr. John Sherwin, Mr. Francis Molyneux, and last, on that side of the table, Lord Byron. On the other side, Mr. William Chaworth, Mr. George Doustoun, Mr. Charles Mellish, Jr., and Sir Robert Burdett: in all, including the chairman, ten guests.

The talk at that dinner is country-gentlemen's talk—the last assizes, and the absurd behavior of the foreman of the grand jury; the tremendous breakaway with the fox-hounds, from the Pilgrim Oak at the gate of Newstead, all through Sherwood wastes, past Robin Hood's Stable, through the dells of the Lock, round to Kirkby Craggs, by Robin Hood's Chair, far across the Nottinghamshire heaths, and woods, and valleys, till all but Byron, and Chaworth, and a few more, had tailed off. Then the conversation veers to politics, and the danger or otherwise of the new Stamp Act for the American colonies; the possibility of the Marquis of Rockingham ousting the Right Honorable George Grenville, and the probable conduct of Mr. Pitt and Colonel Barry, in such an emergency.

The fish chases out the soup, the meat the fish, the game the meat, the cheese the game. The conversation becomes universal, the young drawers on the stairs hear with awe the din and cheerful jangle of the voices, catching, as the door opens, scraps of sporting talk, praises of Garrick, counter-praises of Barry, eulogies of Miss Bellamy, and counter-eulogies of charming Miss Pope. The grave and bland landlord, who, with the white damask napkin over his left wrist, has, from the sideboard, hitherto directed the drawers, now that the cloth is drawn, loops the bell-rope to the toast-master's chair, bows, adjusts the great japanned screen, backs himself out, and closes the door behind him. The Nottinghamshire gentlemen gather round their claret; one fat *bon vivant* takes off his wig for greater comfort, hangs it on a hat-peg beside the swords, and now sits, with his glossy bald head, in the light of the great red logs that blaze in the generous fireplace, glowing like an enormous orange.

All is good-humored gaiety and conviviality—a good-humor not likely to be interrupted, for it is the rule of the club to break up at seven, when the reckoning and a final bottle are brought in; probably to give Lord Byron time to get down to the House of Lords, and other members opportunity to join in the debate in the Commons, to go and see Garrick, or to visit Ranelagh. Very soon after seven, the gentlemen will push back their chairs, put on their three-cornered hats and scarlet roquelaures, buckle on their swords, and wish each other good-night. The squires to the last tell their old sporting stories with great enjoyment—how they breasted a park-paling; how they were nearly drowned, fording the Trent after a thaw; how they tired three horses the day the hunt swept on into Yorkshire, and only Lord Byron, Mr. Chaworth, and themselves, were at the finish.

About the time the drawer brings in the reckoning and the final bottle, Mr. Hewett, the chairman, starts a certain hobby of his, about the best means of preserving game in the present state of the game-laws; which, as he afterward naively said, "had very often produced agreeable conversation." The talk round the table, particularly at the Lord Byron and Chaworth end, had latterly been a little hot and wrangling, and Mr. Hewett prudently tries to change the subject.

This is an age, remember, in which gentlemen are apt to have differences. The dangerous and detestable habit of wearing swords in daily life leads too often to sudden and deadly arbitrations without waiting for jury or judge. Those swords, hanging in their black gilt and silver sheaths from the wainscot-pegs behind the chairs, are only too prompt servants in after-dinner disputes at taverns. There is a danger about this which is piquant to high-spirited men. Courage and cowardice are unmasked at once in these disputes; no waiting for damages, no explaining away in newspaper correspondences. The sword settles all. The bully has to be repressed, the choleric man's honor vindicated. Men now "draw" for any thing or nothing—to vindicate Miss Bellamy's virtue, to settle a dispute about the color of an opera-dancer's eyes. If an important card be missed from the green table, "draw." If a man take the wall of you, "draw." If a rival beau jostle your sedan-chair with his, "draw." If a fellow hiss in the pit of a theatre when you applaud, "draw." If a gentleman with too much wine in his head reel against you in the piazzas, "draw." It is the coward and the philosopher who alone

"withdraw," and get sneered at and despised accordingly; for public opinion is with the duellist, and every one is ready to fight.

To return to the table. Mr. Hewett proposes, sensibly enough, that the wisest way of preserving game would be to make it by law the property of the owner of the soil, so that the stealing of a pheasant would then rank with the stealing of a fowl, both alike having cost the landlord trouble and money in the rearing and guarding, and by no means to be ranked as mere wild, passing, fugitive creatures, free as moles, rats, and owls, for all to shoot and trap. Mr. Hewett's subject is unlucky, for the conversation soon wanders from theoretical reforms to actual facts, and to the question of severity or non-severity against poachers and other trespassers.

All had been jollity and good-humor at the chairman's end of the table as yet; but now voices get louder, and more boisterous and self-asserting. The discussion is whether game increases more when neglected, or when preserved with severity. Lord Byron, who is capricious, self-willed, and violent in his opinions, is heterodox on these matters. He asserts, talking over and across his adversary's voice, that the true and only way to have abundant game is to take no care of it at all. Let partridges avoid nets if they can, and pheasants evade the sulphur smoke of the Nottingham weavers; let hares choose their own forms, and seek their food where they find it best. He had tried it at Newstead, and it answered; for he had always more game than Mr. Chaworth or any of his neighbors. Mr. Chaworth insists, on the other hand, that the only way to get plenty of game is to repress poachers and all unqualified persons.

"As a proof of this," he now says, "Sir Charles Sedley and myself have more game in five of our acres than Lord Byron has in all his manors."

Lord Byron reddens at this, and proposes an instant bet of one hundred guineas that the case is otherwise.

Mr. Chaworth, with an irritating laugh, calls for pen, ink, and paper, quick, to reduce the wager to writing, as he wishes to take it up. Mr. Sherwin laughs, and declares such a bet can never be decided. No bet is laid, and the conversation is resumed.

Mr. Chaworth presses the case in a way galling to a man of Lord Byron's vain and passionate nature. He says:

"Were it not for my care and Sir Charles Sedley's being severe, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate."

Lord Byron, paler now, and with a cold dew on his upper lip, asked sneeringly:

"Sedley's manors?—Where are these manors of Sir Charles Sedley?"

Mr. Chaworth replies, "Bucknel, Nutthall, and Bulwell."

"Bulwell?"

Mr. Chaworth says that Sir Charles Sedley had a deputation for the lordship of Bulwell town.

Lord Byron replies, that deputations are liable to be recalled at any time, and says, angrily, "Bulwell Park is mine."

Mr. Chaworth rejoins hotly; "Sir Charles Sedley has a manor in Nutthall, and one of his ancestors bought it out of my family. If you want any further information about Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean Street, and, I doubt not, will be able to give you satisfaction; and as to myself, your lordship knows where to find me—in Berkeley Row."

Mr. Hewett, who was rather deaf, did not hear the conversation until the bet roused him, and has now relapsed into conversation with his right-hand man. Mr. Sherwin wakes up at these sharp and threatening words. What witch, what imp of mischief, has on a sudden blown the soft summer breeze into a winter hurricane? The club is now as silent as if the lightning of flashing swords had suddenly glanced across the lattice. Those rash and hasty words of Mr. Chaworth, provoked by the irritability and arrogance of Lord Byron about such a silly trifle, were little short of a challenge. Lord Byron glances sullenly behind him at his sword as it hangs from under his three-cornered hat, but no more is said on the dangerous subject.

Nothing comes of it. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, it is true, do not talk together again; but they chat to the people near them, and all is again joviality and good-humor. When Mr. Chaworth paid the club reckoning, as is his general practice, Mr. James Fynmore, the master of the tavern, observed him to be a little flurried; for, in writing, he made a small mistake. The book has lines ruled in checks, and against each member present an O is placed; but if absent, five

shillings is set down. He places five shillings against Lord Byron's name; but Mr. Fynmore observing to him that his lordship is present, he corrects his mistake. A few minutes after eight, Chaworth, having paid his own reckoning, went out, and is followed by Mr. Douston, who enters into discourse with him at the head of the stairs. Mr. Chaworth asks him particularly if he attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron, and if he thinks he (Chaworth) had been short on what he said on the subject. To which Mr. Douston answers: "No; you went rather too far upon so trifling an occasion; but I do not believe that Lord Byron or the company will think any more about it."

After a little ordinary discourse they parted; Mr. Douston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go down-stairs. But just as Mr. Douston entered the door he met Lord Byron coming out, and they passed—as there was a large screen covering the door—without knowing each other. In the mean time, moody Lord Byron, having probably watched Mr. Chaworth leave the room without his hat, found that gentleman on the landing. Mr. Chaworth, in a low, thick voice, and with eyes that did not meet Byron's, said, meaningly:

"Has your lordship any commands for me?"

Lord Byron replied, considering this a second challenge: "I should be glad to speak a word with you in private."

Mr. Chaworth said: "The stairs are not a proper place; and, if you please, my lord, we will go into a room."

They descended to the first landing, and there both called several times for a waiter from below, to show them an empty room. The waiter came, and mechanically threw open the green-baize door of a back room on the right-hand side (No. 7), a dark, cheerless room, with a few red coals smouldering in the fireplace. Placing on the table the rushlight he had in his own candlestick, he shut the outer door, and left the two gentlemen together, with the true *sang-froid* of his profession. Lord Byron entered the dim room first, and, as they stood together by the low fire, asked Mr. Chaworth, with smothered rage:

"How am I to take those words you used above—as an intended affront from Sir Charles Sedley or yourself?"

Mr. Chaworth answered proudly: "Your lordship may take them as you please, either as an affront or not, and I imagine this room is as fit a place as any other to decide the affair in."

Then, turning round, Mr. Chaworth stepped to the door, and slipped the brass bolt under the lock. Just at that moment, Lord Byron, moving out from the table to a small open part of the room, free of furniture, and about twelve feet long and six feet broad, cried, "Draw, draw!" Looking round, Mr. Chaworth saw his lordship's sword already half-drawn. Knowing the impetuous and passionate nature of the man, he whipped out his own sword, and, presenting the keen point (he was a stronger man and a more accomplished swordsman than his adversary), made the first thrust, which pierced Lord Byron's waistcoat and shirt, and glanced over his ribs; then he made a second quicker lunge, which Lord Byron parried. Lord Byron now found himself with his back to the table, and the light shifted to the right hand; Mr. Chaworth, feeling his sword impeded by his first thrust, and believing he had mortally wounded Lord Byron, tried to close with him in order to disarm him; upon which Lord Byron shortened his arm, and ran him through, on the left side, in spite of all Mr. Chaworth's attempts to turn the point or parry it with his left hand. Mr. Chaworth saw the sword enter his body, and felt a pain deep through his back. He then laid hold of the gripe of Lord Byron's sword, and, disarming his lordship, expressed his hope he was not dangerously wounded, at the same time pressing his left hand to his own side, and drawing it back streaming with blood.

Lord Byron said, "I am afraid I have killed you."

Mr. Chaworth replied, "I am wounded," and unbolted the door, while Lord Byron, expressing his sorrow, rang the bell twice, sharply, for assistance. As he supported Mr. Chaworth to an elbow-chair by the fire, Lord Byron said:

"You may thank yourself for what has happened, as you were the aggressor. I suppose you took me for a coward; but I hope now you will allow that I have behaved with as much courage as any man in the kingdom."

Mr. Chaworth replied faintly: "My lord, all I have to say is, you have behaved like a gentleman."

In the interval, John Edwards, the waiter, who, while waiting at

the bar for a bottle of claret for the Nottingham Club, had been called by the two unhappy men to show them into an empty room, had brought up the wine, drawn the cork, and was decanting it. On hearing the bell, he ran down-stairs, found that the bell had been answered, saw his master wringing his hands, and heard him exclaim: "Lord Byron has wounded Mr. Chaworth." He then ran up and alarmed the club, who instantly hurried down and found Mr. Chaworth with his legs on a chair, and leaning his head against Mr. Douston.

John Gothrop, the waiter who first answered the bell, found, to his horror, Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth standing with their backs to the fire, Lord Byron's left arm round Mr. Chaworth's waist, and his sword in his right hand, the point turned to the ground; Mr. Chaworth with his right arm on Lord Byron's shoulder, and his sword raised in his left hand. Lord Byron called to him to take his sword, and call up his master.

When Fynmore came up, Mr. Chaworth said: "Here, James, take my sword; I have disarmed him." Fynmore then said to Lord Byron, taking hold of his sword, "Pray, my lord, give me your sword." Lord Byron surrendered it a little reluctantly; Fynmore took the two swords down-stairs, laid them upon a table, and sent at once for Mr. Caesar Hawkins, a celebrated surgeon of the day. When he came, a little after eight o'clock, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting with his waistcoat partly unbuttoned, his shirt bloody, and his right hand pressing his wound. The sword had gone clean through the body, and out at the back. Mr. Chaworth said, "I believe I have received a mortal wound; for I feel a peculiar kind of faintness, or sinking, and have a sensation of stretching and swelling in my belly that makes me think I bleed internally."

The company then left Mr. Chaworth with his own servant and Mr. Hawkins; and Lord Byron retired to a room down-stairs. Mr. Chaworth thinking that he should not live five minutes, and wishing earnestly to see Mr. Levinz, his uncle, Mr. Hewett took Mr. Willoughby in his coach to fetch Mr. Levinz from Kensington Gore, where his residence was; but Mr. Levinz was dining with the Duke of Leeds. Mr. Chaworth was at first unwilling to be moved until he had seen Mr. Levinz, thinking that the jolting would increase the internal bleeding, and accelerate his death. Subsequently, however, feeling stronger, he was removed to his own house in Berkeley Row, at about ten o'clock that night.

Before being removed, he said he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would forgive him, too; and he said earnestly, two or three times, that, pained and distressed as he then was, he would rather be in his present situation than live under the misfortune of having killed another person. He declared there had been nothing between him and Lord Byron that might not have been easily made up. He then asked, with generous anxiety, about the mortal wound which he believed he had inflicted on his adversary.

Mr. Robert Adair, a surgeon, and Dr. Addington, Mr. Chaworth's own physician, also attended the dying man, but failed to afford him any relief. When Mr. Levinz came into the bedchamber, Mr. Chaworth pressed his hand and desired him to send for a lawyer as soon as possible, as he wanted to make a new will, and believed he should be dead before morning. Upon this, Mr. Levinz, almost broken-hearted, going out into the anteroom, told Mr. Caesar Hawkins, Mr. Adair, Mr. Hewett, and Mr. Willoughby, that he was totally deprived of recollection, and could not remember any lawyer near. Mr. Hawkins mentioned Mr. Partington, a man of character, and he was sent for. While Mr. Partington was preparing the will in the anteroom, the other gentlemen having gone down-stairs, Mr. Levinz again went to the bedside to hear how the unfortunate affair had happened. After the will was executed and the friends had returned to the bedroom, Mr. Levinz, in great distress, said to the dying man:

"Dear Bill, for God's sake how was this? Was it fair?" Mr. Chaworth's head was at the moment turned from Mr. Levinz; but on that question he turned, said something indistinctly, and seemed to shrink his head in the pillow. He afterward repeated the story, and exclaimed twice:

"Good God, that I could be such a fool as to fight in the dark!" Meaning that he regretted having sacrificed his superiority as a swordsman.

In a light and open room he would probably have disarmed his antagonist at once. He said he did not believe Lord Byron intended fighting when they entered the room together, till he thought he had him at an advantage. "He died as a man of honor; but he

thought Lord Byron had done himself no good by it." Several times in the night, on being pressed to relate how the affair began above-stairs, Mr. Chaworth always answered:

"It is a long story, and it is troublesome to me to talk. They will tell you—Mr. Douston will tell you."

For about an hour after the will was signed, and the statement was taken down by Mr. Partington, Mr. Chaworth appeared amazingly composed; but about four he fell into "vast tortures." He was never again free from pain, although warm fomentations relieved him somewhat. After giving directions for his funeral, he died about nine in the morning.

On Mr. Caesar Hawkins examining the body, he found that Lord Byron's sword had entered one inch to the left of the navel and passed obliquely, coming out six inches higher in the back. It had pierced through the lower part of the diaphragm, and blood had lodged in the cavity of the left lung.

Some time after this unhappy affair—the coroner having found him guilty of murder—Lord Byron surrendered himself to be tried by his peers, and was sent to the Tower. On the 16th of April, about half an hour after nine in the morning, his lordship, escorted by portions of the Horse and Foot Guards, and attended by the lieutenant-governor, constable of the Tower, and another gentleman, was brought in a coach by the New Road, Southwark, to a court erected in Westminster Hall. The peers stood uncovered while the king's commission was read, appointing the Earl of Northington the temporary lord high-steward. The Garter and the gentleman-usher of the black rod, with three reverences, presented the white staff to the Earl of Northington, who then took his seat, with bows to the throne, in an arm-chair placed on the uppermost step but one of the throne. The sergeant-at-arms then made the usual proclamation in old Norman French: "Oyez! oyez! oyez!"

Lord Byron was then brought to the bar by the deputy-governor of the Tower. The gentleman-jailer carried the axe before him, and stood during the trial on the prisoner's left hand, with the axe's edge turned from him. The prisoner made three reverences when he came to the bar, and knelt. On leave being given him to rise, he rose, and bowed, first to the lord high-steward, and then to the lords; these compliments were graciously returned.

The clerk of the crown cried, "How say you, William, Lord Byron—are you guilty of the felony and murder whereof you stand indicted, or not guilty?"

Lord Byron replied, "Not guilty, my lords."

The clerk said, "Cul-priit," which means, "*Qu'il parait*" (May it appear so).

The trial being resumed, the solicitor-general, in his speech, held that it was murder if after a quarrel the aggressor has had time to cool and deliberate, and acts from malice and premeditation. In that case, whatever motive actuated him, whether some secret grudge or an imaginary necessity of vindicating his honor, of satisfying the world of his courage, or any other latent cause, he is no object for the benignity of the law. After this, Lord Byron, who declined examining any witnesses on his own behalf, told their lordships that what he had to offer in his own vindication he had committed to writing, and now begged that it might be read by the clerk, as he found his own voice, considering his present situation, would not be heard. His speech was accordingly read by the clerk in a very audible and distinct manner, and contained an exact detail of all the particulars relating to the melancholy affair between him and Mr. Chaworth. He said he declined entering into the circumstances of Mr. Chaworth's behavior, further than was necessary for his own defence, and expressed his deep and unfeigned sorrow at the event.

He added: "Our fighting could not be very regular, circumstanced as it was; but, notwithstanding some considerations, my own mind does not charge me with the least unfairness. In such a case, your lordships will no doubt have some consideration for human weakness and passion, always influenced and inflamed in some degree by the customs of the world. And, though I am persuaded no compassion can obstruct your impartial justice, yet I trust that you will incline to mitigate the rigor of it, and administer it according to law, in mercy. I am told, my lords, that it has been held by the greatest authorities in the land that, if contumelious words, and still more, I presume, if contemptuous words of challenge, have been given by one man to another, and, before they are cooled, either bids the other draw his sword, and death ensues after mutual passes, the fact of that case will not amount

to murder." Begging their lordships to acquit him of all malice, and to consider him an unhappy, innocent, but unfortunate man, the prisoner concluded in these words:

"My lords, I will detain you no longer. I am in your lordships' judgment, and shall expect your sentence, whether for life or death, with all the submission that is due to the noblest and most equitable court of judicature in the world."

The prisoner being then removed, after an adjournment to the House, the peers, one by one, beginning with Lord George Vernon, the youngest, gave their verdict to the lord high-steward, who stood uncovered, the Dukes of Gloucester and York speaking last. One hundred and nineteen voted Lord Byron guilty of manslaughter, four declared him not guilty generally, and as, by an old statute of Edward VI., peers are, in all cases where clergy is allowed, to be dismissed without burning in the hand, loss of inheritance, or corruption of blood, his lordship was immediately dismissed on paying his fees.

The counsel for his lordship were the Hon. Mr. Charles Yorke and Alexander Wedderburn, Esq.; the attorney, Mr. Potts. Against his lordship were the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, Mr. Sergeant Glyn, Mr. Stone, Mr. Cornwall, and, as attorney, Mr. Joynes.

After this glorious but stultifying assertion of aristocratic privileges and the right of manslaughter, the lord high-steward rose, uncovered, and the gentleman-usher of the black rod, kneeling, presented him with the white staff of office, which he broke in two, and then dissolved the commission. Advancing to the woolpack, he said: "Is it your lordships' pleasure to adjourn to the chamber of Parliament?"

The lords replied, "Ay, ay;" and the House was then adjourned.

That same evening, when Mr. Chaworth's lacerated and pierced body was lying on the plumed bed behind the grand damask curtains, far away out in the quiet moonlight, in the Newstead pastures and in the lonely Annesley meadows, the large-eyed hares were gambolling, unconscious of the mischief they had caused, and the partridges (birds that ought to be crimson-feathered, considering the brave men's blood they have so long been the means of shedding) were calling each other plaintively from the stubbles, careless of their lord's sorrows and their master's death.

But was Lord Byron really guilty in the matter of this duel? We think the fight was by no means a premeditated one. There had been some old differences between the two men about private matters. At the club dinner, if Lord Byron's manner was taunting, Mr. Chaworth's was distinctly threatening. The final words of the latter amounted to a public challenge, for he considered Lord Byron had given him the lie about Sir Charles Sedley's manors. When he grew cold, Lord Byron grew hot. He evidently regretted what he had said; but, seeing Lord Byron follow him, he probably thought that he came to settle the difference. Lord Byron, seeing him waiting there, perhaps thought he was waiting for him, and Chaworth proposed retiring to an empty room. There Lord Byron certainly drew his sword rather abruptly; but his sullen vindictiveness brooked no delay. It was never supposed that he planned an assassin's treacherous thrust. Mr. Chaworth lunged first, and thought he had killed his man, asking was he wounded. The question is, Did Lord Byron unfairly take advantage of the moment's lull, during Mr. Chaworth's inquiry, to kill his adversary? The dying man did not accuse him of this, but rather of his having in the first place revengefully urged him (for a few hasty words) to the fatal duel. Mr. Chaworth's chief regret seems to have been in fighting by the light of a farthing candle, and thus sacrificing his skill in fencing.

Lord Byron, it is certain, left Westminster Hall with the brand of Cain upon his forehead. A mysterious and indelible stain was on his escutcheon. The "macaronies" and the world of fashion somehow shunned him; a whisper of suspicion followed him wherever he went—a suspicion, that could not be resolved into words, of foul play and unfair advantage. The peers had acquitted him; the world regarded him as condemned, and tacitly treated him as a criminal. He retired into Nottinghamshire, and sank into a sullen, gloomy, morose man. His passions grew more inveterate; he changed into a half-crazed, revengeful, brooding misanthrope—a wicked Timon of Athens. "No stories about 'the wicked lord' were thought too wild and monstrous. He always went armed, as if dreading secret enemies. On one occasion, he is said in a rage to have thrown his wife into the lake in front of the abbey, from which she was rescued by the gardener, who then thrashed her savage husband. Another time, he is said to have shot his coachman for disobeying orders, and then to have thrown the blood-

ing body into the coach where Lady Byron was seated, and driven her home himself. Once, when his neighbor, Admiral Sir Borlase Warren, one of his old naval friends, came to dine with him, pistols were said to have been placed on the table beside the knives and forks, as parts of the regular table-furniture, and likely to be needed. These stories are, of course, mere country-people's exaggerations of petty acts of passion; but they show how much the proud, wicked lord was dreaded and hated by the villagers round the forest. This, at least, is certain—that the wayward, unhappy man separated from his wife, drove away nearly all his friends, and created a mournful solitude around himself.

Enraged at the marriage of his son and heir, who died young, the recluse let the abbey fall into ruin, cut down all the family oaks to pay his debts, and sold the valuable mineral property in Rochdale. He had been, in youth, a lieutenant under Admiral Boscawen. His only amusement, in age, consisted in sham fights on the lake, between two "baby forts" he had built on the shore, and a little vessel he had brought on wheels from some port on the eastern coast. Heedless of what might happen after his death, and unable to cut off the entail, he never mentioned his grand-nephew, the future poet, but as "the little boy who lived at Aberdeen."

At war with the human race, the wicked lord, in "austere and savage seclusion," took refuge in the love of animals. He tamed an immense number of crickets, which he allowed to crawl over him, and corrected, when too familiar, with a wisp of straw. When their patron and protector died, there is a tradition, according to Washington Irving, that they packed up, bag and baggage, and left the abbey together for "fresh woods and pastures new," flocking across the courts, corridors, and cloisters, in all directions.

When the old lord died, in his miserable, self-made solitude, in 1798, Newstead passed into the possession of the poet, then eleven years of age, living, with his mother, in humble lodgings in Aberdeen. His father was the profligate and abandoned son of that brave old sailor, the brother of the duellist, "Foul-Weather Jack," whose voyages and adventures are well known. The bad son, discarded by his father, seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen, was divorced from her, and broke her heart. He afterward married the poet's mother, Miss Gordon, whose fortune of twenty thousand pounds he squandered in two years, and then deserted her.

It was while home at Newstead, for the Harrow vacation, that the boy-poet, then only fifteen, fell in love with Mary Chaworth, a beautiful girl of seventeen. Their trysting-place was a gate that joined the Newstead grounds to those of Annesley Hall. Mary's mother encouraged his visits; for the feud had ceased, the fatal bloodshed had been forgotten, and the marriage would have joined two noble estates. Soon after Byron returned to school, the girl (at an impressive age) fell in love with Mr. Musters, a young, stalwart fox-hunter, whom she first saw, from the roof of the hall, dashing through the park at the head of all the riders, and she was engaged to him when Byron returned home. Byron and she parted, as it is told in "The Dream," on a hill near Annesley, the last of a promontory of upland that advances into the valley of Newstead, and close to a ring of trees that was long a landmark to Nottinghamshire; then, taking a long, last look at Annesley, Byron spurred his horse homeward like a madman. That ring of trees Musters afterward cut down, in a jealous pet with his (as it was reported) ill-used wife.

Poor Mary Chaworth! her marriage was far from happy. Her rough, hard-riding husband, the first gentleman huntsman of his day (famous for his tremendous fight with Asheton Smith, when at Eton), was (Irving says) harsh and neglectful. He seldom came to Annesley, disliking the poetical immortality that Byron had conferred on his wife, and lived at a house near Nottingham. This was set on fire during a Luddite riot; Mrs. Musters, a delicate woman, escaping into the shrubbery on that cold, wet night, half-naked. Her fragile constitution never recovered this shock, and her mind ultimately gave way.

The bitterness of that early disappointment Byron never forgot. Long after his unhappy marriage, he wrote:

"My M. A. C.: Alas! why do I say *my*? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart, and two persons not ill matched in years; and—and—what has been the result!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.



the winter of 1862, I resided for a few months in Amoy, one of the five ports originally opened to foreign trade in China, and there the event occurred of which I am about to write. I must say a few words of the position of the town, or my story will not be clearly understood. Amoy is situated on an island of the same name, about four miles from the open sea. The river which separates it from the main-land is very wide, and the tide runs with great rapidity, having ordinarily a rise of over twenty feet.

At the mouth of the harbor, with the channel on both sides, stand the *chauchats*, very large and dangerous coral-reefs, avoided carefully by all seafaring men, and particularly by the Chinese fishermen, who dread the effect of the sharp coral spurs upon their not very strong boats. These reefs are somewhat uncovered at low water, but at high tide are completely out of sight.

One afternoon in December, my husband, who was the captain of an American vessel then in the port, and a friend of ours, an English naval officer, proposed that we should take a sail down the harbor in our yacht, a little pleasure-boat of some thirty or forty tons' burden.

The weather was fine, and the usual gentle northeast breeze was blowing, which prevails during the winter months in China, but still I could not divest my mind of a certain feeling of apprehension. I never did like small boats, they are so likely to be upset, particularly when commanded, as was the case at this time, by seafaring men so used to handling large craft that they do not realize the caution necessary in sailing a little boat.

My husband overruled my objections, and insisted that nothing could happen to us. I therefore consented to go myself, but stood out with regard to my children, and utterly refused to take them.

It was about half-past two when we left the wharf, and dropped out into the stream. The wind was very nearly fair, and we had a splendid run down the harbor, with the wide, beautiful, open sea before us.

Every thing was so charming, the air so clear and bracing, that I forgot all my fears, and enjoyed the passing moment to the utmost; so that it was I who asked for an extension of our voyage, when we ought to have turned our faces homeward.

At last, the captain of our little craft decided that we must turn back. As I mentioned before, we had been running *with* the wind but the moment we went about, we became conscious of such a great increase in its force that, as we began to beat up the stream against it, it seemed almost a gale.

No one who has not seen the sudden gathering of squalls in the China Sea, can form any idea of how almost instantaneously the sky will fill with clouds and the wind increase to a hurricane.

We were to experience it! As we turned on the starboard tack, we noticed the gathering of the clouds, and heard the angry scream of the wind, the premonition of the coming tempest. Before we could take in any sail, the squall struck us!

There was an instant of horrible confusion, in which I heard the slapping of the sails, the snapping of cordage, the hiss and bubble of the foaming sea, and then followed a jerk that threw me completely over—sudden darkness, and a plunge into the ice-cold water. Our boat had been overturned.

With the natural instinct of self-preservation, aided by some slight knowledge of swimming, I beat the water with my hands, and managed to sustain myself for an instant (which seemed an hour), until my husband and his friend, both expert swimmers were beside me and held me up. Fortunately, none of us had received any injury from broken spars or blows of any kind. But, though we were not immediately drowned, what were we to do? The water was very cold, our pretty little boat was bottom up, and drifting inland with the tide, which had just turned; the city lay a long distance off, and the night was closing fast about us.

We looked around and discovered, in the gathering darkness, that we were near the dreaded reefs of the *chauchats*, and that some of the rocks were still above water. This was our only hope. Never before had the *chauchats* been looked upon in the light of friends, I imagine. My husband swam with me, and, before many minutes, we were all standing on a small flat space on the reef, about two or three feet square.

We felt reprieved. Here at least we were out of the water, and, though I was wet and very cold, I thought some belated fishing-boat would be likely to come and take us off. I thought of my little ones at home, and hoped that I should see them again—a hope which, a few minutes before, when struggling in the water, I had utterly abandoned.

But suddenly we became aware that our position was any thing but one of safety. The tide was coming in! In a few minutes the place where we stood would be covered. The angry waves lapped about the reef, like monsters hungry for their prey.

The water rose steadily, until it reached my knees. I found that I was growing numb. The cold was so painful that I could no longer endure it, and begged my husband to leave me to die, and to make an attempt to swim across the channel, to some small native huts on the other side, where he could get some kind of a boat to take him back to Amoy. I urged him to do this for the sake of our children, who might else be left fatherless and motherless in a strange land.

He would not listen to me. He and our friend rubbed my hands, and pressed me close to them to keep what warmth they could in my numb body. All this time, which was in reality so short, and yet which has taken so long to tell, the water was rising, rising, rising.

We at length saw a boat to windward of us, but the howling of the storm, and the washing of the blinding spray, were the only answer we received to our repeated shouts for help.

The bitterness of death seemed past. I felt as if the worst were over. I wondered, in a dull, apathetic way, if my sisters and friends in my far-away American home would ever know of my end. I thought whether our bodies would be washed on to the beach for curious Chinese eyes to peer at, and greedy Chinese hands to rifle. I thought of my dear little ones in Amoy, and with the thought came the feeling that God, in His infinite goodness and mercy, could not mean to take their protectors from them so far from home and friends.

For some time we were all silent, and then a sudden change in my husband's position, as he held me tightly clasped in his arms, roused me.

"There's a boat! To leeward of us! Shout, all together, and we may be heard!"

Inspired by a sudden hope, we gave a loud, simultaneous call; but the boatman to whom it was directed apparently did not hear it, for we could not see that he moved.

Another painful interval of silence ensued, with the water steadily rising, when, in a sudden lull in the storm, we heard the sound of oars! Not the dull sound of the Chinese paddle, but the good, strong, united dash of British oars. The boat of an English man-of-war, which had been out to reconnoitre for pirates, was returning. This time our cry for help was heard, and, just as the water had reached my waist, strong, manly hands drew me, exhausted and fainting, into the boat.

Of our return to our home I know but little. Insensibility followed on such a terrible strain on my nerves. But, thanks to a gracious Providence, that night I held my children to my heart again!

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRYWOMAN.

III.

HARRIET and I went to that meeting of the Equal Rights Association, the other night, and, as she promised me, we had some very good addresses. It looks likely enough that we shall be obliged to vote some day, and, if it happens that we are called upon to do so, I hope that women will take warning by the fate of some of our large cities, and make a thorough business, and attend ward meetings, if they are held in horrible places—that is, if decent men insist on holding them there—and of looking ahead at the probable results of measures they are asked to support, and be beyond bribing. If the nineteenth century brings us to this pass of duty, I hope we may not get round it in any such way that we shall fail of doing all that we might if we went over it.

It does look as if the "right" to vote would continue to get itself talked about till the result was obtained. Still, hasn't every thing been said on the subject now that can be said? I think it very likely that the speakers would own, if questioned by a friend, that they were bothered to death, looking for new arguments. But, then, every thing is over and over—we keep on growing, to be a man—and we keep on eating, to live. I didn't know that Lucy Stone was repeating herself, but Harriet said that she had now gone so far that there was nothing for it but to keep on telling the same facts over and over. Harriet said, "How could it be otherwise, and how could it? It will not harm folks, I think, if she does say the same thing again and again. Lucy is the mountain-flower *edelweiss*. She is as simple as a violet, and as sweet as honey."

This repeating business, which must sometimes distract a reformer, has another aspect, which Harriet suggested to me. She said that Matthew Arnold had written a poem about Heine, whose grave he had visited, in which the idea was thrown out that perhaps the terrible German, and all the rest of us, were mere exhibitions of a single phase or mood of the All-Creating Spirit. I hadn't supposed before that there could be so intimate a resemblance between Heine and any thing in Him, but the notion is not a bad one; and, if Lucy Stone is a mood, and is equipped for one purpose, and achieves it to perfection, in her way, why, how can anybody expect, or have the face to ask her for, any thing different? Mr. Beecher spoke that night also. The people would have him after the ladies had made their speeches.

"I understand now why Matthew Arnold called him 'an inspired barbarian,'" said Harriet, while we were walking home. I did not answer, for I supposed that she would go on and explain that remark; but she did not, so we let it drop just there.

"What use was there of his complimenting the speakers that way?" she asked, after a few minutes. "It was just like a school exhibition, when a trustee applauds the pupils. I thought, till that moment, that we had been listening to live women, expressing independent opinions."

It seemed to me that Harriet was a little too severe, and I couldn't help saying, "It was, perhaps, because the audience was so young."

"There were gray-heads enough there," said she.

"But he must have seen something that showed him they were young in the business of playing audience to such speakers. He knew that the women *had* spoken to edification, as he said, and that the audience felt it, but that, ten to one, they wouldn't know that they felt it, unless he made them conscious of the fact."

"Perhaps not," said she.

I wanted to hear something more about moods, so I asked her if she supposed that Mr. Arnold meant that everybody expressed or represented a mood, or only the folks who were somehow endowed. "If you think of it," I said, "how many people there are who don't seem to be any thing in particular—they haven't any character or any any thing!"

"I don't know whether there are any such persons as you speak of," said she.

"You ought to know, if anybody," said I, "with a hundred girls in your room every day."

"Don't you know, Mary Anne," said she, "it isn't very wise to sink a shaft below the probable depth of the coal-vein? There is no necessity of pushing every thought you can lay hold of, as far as it can be compelled."

"Perhaps that's my mood," said I.

"Indicative mood—present tense—always," said she, musing.

"Yes," I replied, "I don't know, too, but I like it better than the imperfect. You might have let Vico rest."

"I would have liked it better if I hadn't stumbled against that old teacher of rhetoric, and his theory of history, after I had made up my mind that the 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe' was one of the great books of the century," said she, making it very evident that she had a sense of injury done her.

"It's a grand book still, to my mind," said I.

"Yes—well—perhaps it is—but what are you going to do with the doctor's use of China, as an example of the old age and decrepitude of nations? See how she is rising to 'newness of life.' You say you don't know how you are ever going to die. I don't see how any thing that has ever lived can ever die. China and India! Just think of them—and of the Suez Canal! There's something in that Mood-theory, depend. It's clear that everybody is fitted out by Nature to do one thing better than he can do any other. But I think the Apostle put it in a better shape than Arnold, when he said we were God's building—temples of the Holy Ghost. When I read Matthew's poems, I felt as he did, no doubt, when he wrote them, in a very desponding mood. How could anybody feel any other way, reading—

'Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! For the world, which seems

To lie before us, like a land of dreams—

So various, so beautiful, so new—

Has really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

And we are here, as on a darkling plain

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night?—'

But you know it is not so," she said—"at least to me. As soon as I came back to myself, out of his sphere of influence, I felt just the contrary. There is quite as much made of influence as it deserves. People may make it as clear as sunlight to me that we are all on the verge of that place which Mr. Carlyle seems to have in his mind a good deal, but the minute I look at things for myself, I don't see it. And so, when I found myself asking, after I laid down the book of poems, 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?'—the poet appears to lament a good deal over His lost faith—I didn't get any answer for some time, but, after awhile, out it came, loud and clear, Yes! He would find it if He came this day. For all this faith in ourselves, which is having such wonderful exhibition, what is it if not faith in Him, the Son of Man?"

She stopped there a moment, perhaps for a response, but I could not intrude on her mood, and she went on, in a softened voice: "Not the most enlightened, not the most intelligent faith, but a faith more enlightened, more intelligent, than He found when He was on the earth. Matthew Arnold would say, perhaps, that I hadn't understood him; but, if he did, I should certainly answer, 'Neither do you understand me.'"

"You don't seem to value him very highly," said I, glad that she was back again within my reach.

She answered quite shortly: "I think he has written some of the best verse, and some of the best prose, the century has seen. I can endure to forego what he isn't, for the sake of what he is. He has helped me, since I came here, to preserve myself from becoming a mush of acquiescence."

Respectfully,

MARY ANNE.

SONNET.

IN yonder grim, funereal forest lies
A stagnant pool, o'erfilmed by dust and slime,
Hidden and ghastly, like a thought of crime
In some stern soul, kept secret from men's eyes;
But if, perchance, a healthful breeze should rise,
And part those stifling boughs, sweet morning's prime,
And the fair flush of Evening's cordial clime,
Reflect therein the calmly glorious skies:
Is't so with man? holds not the darkened breast,
Turbid, corrupt, o'ergrown by worldliness,
One little spot whereon love's smile may rest?
Lo! a pure impulse breathes, the sin-clouds part,
The grief-defilements melt in hopes that bless,
And our God's quickening sunshine on the heart!



BARGAINING FOR A MELON.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

THERE is no more striking or original phase of character among the blacks of the Southern States than is to be found in the watermelon-dealer. I speak of him as the watermelon-dealer, although the sale of the fruit only continues during eight or ten weeks of the year; and so temporary a trade, so far as it can be regarded as fixing a man's occupation in life, may be likened to selling smoked glass for eclipses, or letting front windows for executions at Newgate. The dealer in watermelons is, however, essentially and distinctively the watermelon-dealer, just as Edwin Booth is Hamlet or as Mr. Gladstone is statesman. It is the one thing for which he was intended, in which he is great. Whatever Sam or Caesar may do for the other ten months of the year, it is during the season of watermelons that he comes out strongest, and is most decidedly

himself. He may bring charcoal to town, or peddle sweet potatoes, or make immense willow chairs for the front porch of the country dwelling, or take care of "Revenue" or "Red Eye," or some other

blooded horse, formerly great on the turf; but carrying watermelons to market is the business wherein he should be studied as a type, and in all things else he is mediocre in comparison.

The watermelon-dealer is the same in Charleston or Augusta as in Raleigh (pronounced, by the North Carolinians, Rolly) or Richmond; but it is in the latter city that he appears to the greatest advantage, and it is there that our artist has drawn him to the life. The whole melon-traffic in Richmond is in the hands of the freedmen, who, in former days, *Consule Planco*, Extra-Billy Smith being governor, sold for "Ole Marce," but who now sell on shares with



A STALLED TEAM.



THE CHARCOAL-SELLER.

their white employers, or peddle the produce of their own vines. The larger portion of the sales in melons is not done at the market-houses, but in the streets. The watermelon-dealer is a peripatetic, and wanders about town everywhere; he is also an *improvisatore*, and sings the praises of his stock-in-trade as he goes:

"Here dey are!
Fresh and fine,
Jest come from de vine—
Come long and buy,
"Taste and try—
Dey red meat!
Dey black seed!
Dey fast rate, indeed!
Dey jest fotch over
From Hanover," etc., etc.,

bawled out at the top of his voice, only to be interrupted by a customer, and a small pecuniary transaction, and then *de capo*.

You see him, in Mr. Sheppard's admirable sketch, in negotiations with some of his own color. Polly has just plucked a melon, to ascertain its ripeness and quality. "Clare, now, nigger, 'taint wuff no twenty cent, 'taint pintedly," and Ailsy (negro-form of Alice) bends over the cart to witness the result of Polly's effort to cheapen the coveted fruit, with an *arrière-pensée* to imitate her example, while Pete, *à la* eight, stands with his mouth watering, and his whole mind given to the inspection. A city freedman, who has made his selection already, and laid his melons on the ground, is taking out his fractional currency to complete the purchase. The mule is patiently waiting the conclusion of the chaffering, and in two minutes more Sam will drive off, making all Shockoe Hill resound with, "Here dey are, fresh

and fine, jest come from de vine," etc.

The mule, as an animal for draught, is used everywhere in the Southern States, in place of the horse or the ox; hence it is that the negro thoroughly understands the management of the mule, which is one of the most stubborn of all the beasts, but knows little of managing oxen, which so readily learn obedience. The negro talks to his mule in an unwritten language, which the brute seems perfectly to comprehend. This language is fragmentary and mostly interjectional, and marked by an immoderate use of the imperative mood where the verb intervenes; but it is peculiar, and is specially different from what the negro employs in driving horses, which latter speech so much amused Mr. Dickens in the ride he took by stage-coach, thirty years ago, from Fredericksburg to the Potomac River, or the other way. In our drawing of the freedman with his ox-

cart, we see him belaboring the poor beast in a manner that shows he does not understand driving him, and calls for the interference of Mr. Bergh.

The charcoal-seller in the South is not always of African descent. The poorer class of whites in the neighborhood of the towns make and bring to market the greater portion of the charcoal that is consumed. But it is transported only in small quantities. The immense charcoal-wagons of London and New York are unknown, and the deep bass, in which the article is cried in these great cities, is beyond the power of lungs of the Southern vender. He is a somewhat saturnine member of society, from fifteen to thirty years of age, very ragged, blackened, of course, by his merchandise, and much given to late hours in town after the disposal of his load of coal, especially



WAITING FOR THE BOAT.

should the circus have just arrived, and over-apt to stop, on his way home, at the roadside "grocery." His cart is a rickety affair, and the ribs of his rickety mule are so plainly visible, that one might suppose the faithful animal had been fed on the discarded barrels which his master had used in measuring charcoal. For this is sold by the barrel, where a purchaser cannot be found for the whole load. In our sketch the seller has sold the whole load, as is evident from the fact that the mule has been unhitched, and the shafts of the cart let down for convenience of delivery.

Talk of your *otium cum dignitate*, your *dolce far niente*, your *garçon sans souci*, your "mild-eyed, melancholy lotos-eaters," but for blissful, graceful, elegant, unapproachable laziness and leisure, where shall we find any thing like that of the five small freedmen in shirt and trousers, lying on the cotton-bales in the sunshine, and looking down the Alabama River, to whom the reader is here introduced? Freedmen, did I say? This is a double misnomer, for they are not men, and they are not free; Mr. Sheppard's sketch reverts to the days of slavery, for these boys could not enjoy their idleness now—they are at school, under the auspices of the Freedmen's Bureau, in words of two syllables, by-and-by to be taught the significance of *x* as an unknown quantity, and to read about the Second Punic War, who knows? Some of the teachers have told us (one of them quite lately in *Putnam's Monthly*) the difficulties attending the inculcation of knowledge into the brains of Scipio and Pomp, and we can fancy that these pupils, instead of being in the school-house at Montgomery, would prefer the soft side of the cotton-bale in the sunshine, watching the steamers go up and down the river. But let us hope that in the school-house they may be taught to be useful and moral citizens and intelligent voters. As for me, who write these lines, and whose soul is stained with the guilt of having once owned you, in the abstract if not in the concrete, I love you, Scipio and Pomp; and though I doubt if either of you will ever be a Sir Phillip Sidney, or an Arkwright, or a Prescott, or a George Peabody, I drink to you in the flagons of the New-Year—here's your health and your families', and may you live long and prosper!

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XL.—WHAT PASSED AT THE COTTAGE ON THE NIGHT OF MRS. ROWLEY'S ARRIVAL, AND HOW A BRANCH OF THE FRY FAMILY VISITED MR. ARNAUD WHEN HE WAS NOT AT HOME.

"HE-ON-HO!" said Rowley.

She was exhausted too, and no great wonder, by the excitement of the day of her arrival, and all the bustle of the hearty and touching reception she met with. Soon after dinner she began actually to nod in her chair, like Mrs. Cosie; and Fanny, following her example, went off nodding too.

"It's too soon to go to bed, or I would really go," said Fanny, in the waking intervals between two nautations.

"Bed is the proper place to sleep in, my dear," said the widow; "so to bed let us go. Arnaud will excuse us. Come over to us early to-morrow, Arnaud; come to breakfast. I am quite done up to-night."

Arnaud rose to take leave of them all, but Susan detained him. She was not in the least sleepy, and it was so early, and such a glorious night. He hesitated, but Fanny said, as she left the room in her mother's wake, "Do sit a little longer, and keep my sister company," and he sat down again.

Susan had a thousand things to say, a thousand questions to ask about his strange Crusoe life on those desert rocks, so hard to imagine, though she sometimes thought she could understand how fascinating such a life must be with all its privations.

"The privations are nothing," said Arnaud. "I laugh at the Cosies when they pity me."

"I never do that," said Susan.

"No, for you feel you would cheerfully bear them yourself to be of use to your fellow-creatures."

"At least, Mr. Arnaud, I hope I should. I think I should find the loneliness the hardest to endure."

"But is it loneliness, Susan? A wild society is society still; and

besides, I have a strong belief that we make God our companion when we give ourselves up to the service of man; so strongly do I feel it that there are times when I even think I hear His small still voice upon the heath cheering and supporting me. The life of a recluse has a tendency to breed such fantastical notions; it is one of its evils."

"No, no, Mr. Arnaud, don't call it fantastic; why should it not be true?"

Women, at least such women as Susan Rowley, of temperament at once imaginative and devout, are tenacious of those visionary conceptions that fit through a man's mind, but make no lodgment there. The devotion of an enthusiastic girl is a kind of delicious twilight, in which the bounds between truths and illusions melt away in a confusion of unspeakable charm.

"Tell me more, more, more," she murmured, "of your experiences in solitude—your divine solitude."

With modest frankness and graphic simplicity he gratified her curiosity, touching lightly on his toils, saying nothing of his sacrifices, and taking no glory to himself for his successes. How different was his artless tale from the fanatical and high-flown narratives that bring down the thunders of Exeter Hall, when some godly grandee fills the chair, and all the lights of the evangelical world are assembled, and the orator's report of thousands of converted heathens is only to be paralleled by the imaginary feats of Captain Bobadil!

Still Arnaud felt that in spite of himself he was trumpeting his own achievements, and, breaking off abruptly, he turned the conversation to Mrs. Rowley.

"Oh, she is herself again," cried Susan. "I knew she would be as soon as she set her foot on this soil, which is so dear to her. Thank God, she has still something here she can call her own; something that her enemies, with all their malice, can never take from her!"

"Thank God, she has!" repeated Arnaud, in a low deep voice, with a solemn emphasis that almost startled Susan, though in so earnest a mood herself; and as he spoke he rose, much sooner than she thought he need have done, to return to his home over the moonlit sea.

"Remember we see you to-morrow," said Mrs. Rowley, as she bade him good-night.

"To-morrow, yes, to-morrow," said Arnaud, almost absently. There was a tremor, too, in his hand as it took hers which made hers quiver responsively, but the cause of his emotion she could never have divined.

Long after he was gone, she continued sitting in the porch where they parted, still feeling the strange trembling of his muscular hand, until she descried his homeward boat riding the waters; nor did she rise to follow her sister to her bower until after dwindling to a black speck the boat was lost to her view in the shadowy distance.

From the day the young Waldensian left Paris on his errand of humanity, with all her soul had Susan Rowley followed each step of his career. Had the film been removed from his eyes that hides the immaterial world from us all, he might have seen her fair spirit and fond heart always at his side. And every letter, of course, that came to her mother from him, describing his mode of life or detailing his adventures, deepened the soft impression, and led her nearer and nearer, like the circling of a moth round the fatal flame of a candle, to the inevitable end of girlish admiration.

As to Arnaud, it is unnecessary to say that there was nothing in the nature of the employment to which he had dedicated his life to protect him from the sentiment which a girl so fair, so high-minded, and sympathizing, was formed to inspire. If neither the warrior in the field, nor the statesman at the helm, nor the lawyer in the forum, is impregnable to the soft passion, it may well invade the breast of a gentle missionary; but never for an instant had Arnaud's feelings toward Miss Rowley warped him from the line of duty which he had chalked out for himself toward her mother. More and more inclined to believe it possible that he might indeed be Mrs. Rowley's brother, he was at the same time more and more determined, not only never to claim a kindred which must reduce her to poverty, but to take every precaution in his power against having it thrust upon him. That vow and resolution, refreshed and strengthened by his conversation with Susan, he renewed again that night in the solitude of the silvery waves; never, as he energetically expressed it, would he make himself an accomplice with the painted Jezebel of Foxden.

But then this same resolve, which required no effort and cost him no pang, involved another, which it needed all his fortitude to take. That one evening with Susan, that first meeting after months of ab-

sence, forced the conviction on his mind that such intercourse could not take place often without dangers to which it would be the height of dishonor to expose her. He had already divined, as has before been hinted, that Mrs. Rowley, when he was in Paris, had cut out his present occupation for him, in part at least, to nip in the bud the growth of tender feelings between her daughter and him. It was evident that, as the guardian of her daughter's welfare and happiness, she considered their union undesirable; and Arnaud knew enough of the world to know that it was the natural view for a sensible woman to take, nor did it for a moment occur to him to tax her with worldliness for taking it. It was enough for him that Mrs. Rowley, of whose sincere affection for himself he was assured, had come to that conclusion, and could there be a clearer indication of the path in which his duty lay? In what material circumstance had his position been altered since he returned to England? He now knew what he was not, but as to what he really was, the only conjecture at all plausible pointed to revelations the very contemplation of which was intolerable. Thus, whether the clouds remained, or the sun dispersed them, it made no difference in relation to Miss Rowley. He recollected the inscription on the fountain in the Arabian desert: "Drink and away." He had drunk already—perhaps too deep; but there was still time to fly. The next morning he wrote to the managers of a foreign missionary society in London, and earnestly solicited immediate employment in some remote region of the globe.

But his promise to return to the Meadows was not to be broken, though in consistency with his plan he wished it had not been made. Now he had also to post his letter. It was with a heart that had nothing to lighten it but the sense of treading the path of duty, he crossed the water while the sun was yet within some degrees of noon.

Had he not been so early abroad, Leonard on his way to the island would have probably met him, which would not only have saved that worthy gentleman some trouble (as his only object was to see Arnaud), but would have been a fortunate occurrence for Arnaud himself.

When Leonard, following Mrs. Upjohn's directions, came to the little quay where the boats were moored, he found only a boy there, but as the water was pretty smooth, the boy, with his own assistance, was perfectly equal to so short a navigation. As soon as he was landed on the other side, he told the boy that he was curious to see the remarkable gentleman who lived on the island, and inquired where he was most likely to find him. The boy, who had not been with his boat when Arnaud crossed, thought he would probably be at home at that hour, and pointed out the track that led to the hut. Leonard had no time to lose, Miss Lovibond's jewels urging him to make his stay in Cornwall as brief as possible, so he set off with the speed of a postman on Valentine's Day. His path was the same that we have seen Lord Stromness and his friends taking on a former occasion, and like those gentlemen, when Leonard dropped down on the cot, he found it deserted and the door left ajar. He was too wary, however, to gratify his curiosity to inspect the interior, until he had first taken the two gentlemanly precautions of listening at the door, and peeping in at the window. Having satisfied himself that there was nobody within, and also that nobody was visible outside, as far as his eye could reach, he had the courage to push the door open and extend his investigations. It was really the pure love of knowledge, for there never was a human abode with less to tempt anything above the lowest form of thievery. The thief who would have robbed Arnaud would have been capable of robbing—

"A hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,"

and when property wore shapes like these, no man respected its rights more than Mr. Archibald Leonard.

However, he entered the hut, and made his observations, his eye glancing first at the table, which was strewn, as before, with books, and a few letters and newspapers. It would scarce have taken five minutes to make an inventory of all Arnaud's effects, much less to take a general survey of them, which was enough for Leonard. It seemed to disgust him, for he shrugged his shoulders and was about to withdraw, when again his eye lighted on the table. It was not the books that attracted it, but the letters, and one with a foreign stamp on the cover was the first to arrest it. He looked stealthily round him, and even out at the door in all directions over the heath,

before he ventured to open it. It was the letter from the Valleys, and in a few seconds Leonard knew as much as Arnaud knew himself of his position in the world.

But what was still doubtful to the young man himself was a positive certainty to Leonard. It was indifferent to him now whether he saw Arnaud or not; he was content to take the likeness to Mr. Evelyn on Mrs. Upjohn's word, but as he retraced his steps to the boat, just as he emerged on the open heath at the top of the rocks that rose behind the hut, he met Arnaud face to face, and even had he doubted before, to see was to be convinced. He probably trembled also as certain spiritual personages are said to do when they believe, for he pushed on at such a rate as not to give the young man time to address him, as he was in the habit of doing when he met a stranger on the island. But Arnaud had time enough to seize Leonard's features perfectly, though he could not at first recall where he had seen them. As he stood gazing after him, however, a little mental effort brought distinctly to his memory the physiognomy of the great Mr. Sandford, whom he had met on a memorable evening at Woodville's. But what could have brought Sandford to this part of the world? Was he going to plant his interesting colony on the coasts of Cornwall? Or what new villainy had he in hand? Arnaud was under his peat roof before he could answer any of these questions to his satisfaction.

Leonard, though he had stolen nothing this time but a peep at a letter when he might have filched the letter itself, hardly thought himself safe until he was aloft, and even then he often looked back apprehensively, as if he expected Arnaud to give him chase even through the waves. But this was a passing weakness, and when it was over he began thoroughly to enjoy the sense of power which his unexpected discoveries had armed him with. The secret was still half hidden in the box which was rusting in the bowels of the earth; he felt as if he already clutched it, and did not at first reflect that it might prove a difficult and expensive business to come at it. The thought of this damped his spirits considerably, and he was almost inclined to abandon a scheme which must cost him so dear, when an incident occurred which gave his vindictiveness a fresh impulse. As he passed the Meadows again he reconnoitred the cottage more attentively than he had done in the morning, and to get a better view of it peeped through a crevice in the paling that separated the grounds from the lane. It was hardly the prettiest thatched cottage in England, though surveyed by one to whom incendiarism was a joke, that made the eyes of Master Leonard glare with such a sudden access of ferocity. Only the fair cottager herself could have made them glitter as they did. It was so. They fell upon Mrs. Rowley herself, who was sitting reading her newspaper in the same spot, under the same thorn (only that it was now rich with crimson berries instead of pink blossoms) where she had in the early spring initiated Miss Cosie into the mysteries of accounts. Neither the lapse of a dozen years nor the widow's weeds prevented him from recognizing her in an instant, though he had never seen her since the day when she repulsed him with such address and energy at Orta. Whatever change in the interval her face and person had undergone, whatever she had left behind her as she advanced in life, it was not the lofty carriage or the piercing eye before which he had quailed when she was only a girl. As he looked, she dropped the paper, folded her arms, and sat thinking. Perhaps she had been reading the city article in the *Times*, and was thinking of improving her small patrimony. At all events she looked sagacious, independent, and, notwithstanding her losses, every inch a proprietor. It was that stately unconquered look that made Leonard regard her with such a mixture of fear and animosity. The fascination of hate glued him to the spot until at last his old wound gave him a wicked twinge, and he slunk away, with a more tremendous oath than he had ever before muttered, to prosecute his revenge, even if it cost him every shilling he had extorted from Mrs. Upjohn.

CHAPTER XLII.—IN WHICH MRS. ROWLEY MINDS HER BUSINESS, AND WISHES OTHER FOLK WOULD MIND THEIRS.

MANY days now elapsed, during which we must leave Mr. Arnaud in suspense, with no part of his "self-denying ordinance" carried out, save that which depended altogether on himself, namely, to stick to his island as stubbornly as Simon to his pillar, or a periwinkle to its native rock. The weather favored him by being unusually blustery

even for the Cornish coast. It was about the time of the equinox, and those strong winds were blowing, popularly believed to be connected with the equality of day and night. Be that as it may, they kept the sea in a ferment, and its turbulence was a perfect security from visits from the Rowleys, against which nothing else could have protected him, as Mrs. Rowley was anxious to have his abode made tighter and more commodious against the coming winter. He knew very well what her kind intentions were, and would have been more grateful to her for taking no trouble about him. He felt as uneasy every time the storm held its breath, as his friends at the Meadows were on his account when the gale howled in the chimneys and was bending the trees double.

The weather, however, was no hinderance to Mrs. Rowley's operations on *terra firma*. She came down to work, and she began by dismissing all other thoughts from her mind. First, and rather contemptuously, she dismissed her sister-in-law. Many people thought, as well as Mr. Marjoram, that Mrs. Rowley made a mistake in planting herself where she did, as it exposed her to the suspicion of being influenced by the unworthy motive of ruffling Mrs. Upjohn in the high-tide of her prosperity, an idea which had nothing to countenance it but the proximity of the Meadows to Foxden, with only the gorge through which the brook brawled to divide them; but Mrs. Rowley had no notion of shaping her conduct to escape frivolous imputations. There being no place for her but the cottage, with her wonted pluck she settled there.

"I shall not interfere with her pleasures," said the widow, in her pointed style, "and I shall not allow her to interfere with my business."

With this epigram she discharged, as we have said, Mrs. Rowley Upjohn as completely from her mind as if half England had stretched between them.

Another subject which had not long since caused her some solicitude she flung overboard likewise. When she first meditated her return, the only hesitation she felt about it was on her daughter Susan's account, who would again be placed in dangerous vicinity to her hero, but on this point Mrs. Rowley's mind had changed on maturer reflection. In fact, she soon perceived that separation had not the refrigerating effect she had expected upon her daughter; but, on the contrary, seemed rather to heighten the sentimental temperature which she had reckoned upon lowering. As the experiment had not succeeded after a good long trial, she asked herself whether it was her duty to persist, and, even if it was, whether it was likely to be of any avail. Her knowledge of her daughter's character satisfied her that it was not, and then came the consideration that Susan was of an age to settle a question of the heart for herself, especially as she had an independent fortune, which, if affection impelled her to share with a man like Arnaud, she had a perfect right to do it. Such was the conclusion to which Mrs. Rowley had come, though she saw no necessity to announce it formally. Let the young people decide for themselves, she had her own concerns to look after. As to the mines and the brewery, she left every thing to Mr. Cosie, except the accounts and auditing, which she understood better than he did. Arnaud, who knew by experience how the enormous funds raised by missionary societies and tract societies are squandered, wished a thousand times that they were under her control. But her own books gave her enough to do, and more every day as her operations extended. The mining had rapidly reached the dignity of a company, and Mrs. Rowley's copper, or, as her enemies said, her brass, was beginning to be quoted like her beer. Don't expect me to give you the quotations; I doubt if they would interest you; but perhaps her appointment of a clerk may, particularly as her clerk was of her own sex.

It will easily be believed what contempt Mrs. Rowley had for all the nonsense that, even in her day, was talked and written about the rights of women. But a doctor in petticoats is one thing, and a clerk or secretary to a lady is another; so after looking about her for a day or two, she remembered the little girl who had attracted her notice when she was last in England, by her skill in figures, as well as by her good character, and the neatness of her person, and she determined to try her. Mr. Choker, who was still the acting minister of the parish, wanted her to hold what now would be called a competitive examination for the appointment, and give it to the best answerer.

"But," said Mrs. Rowley, "if I do that, I should probably get a person who would have her head well crammed, no doubt, with

Scripture genealogies and the details of the Levitical law, but very little in it of the sort of knowledge that I want, or, to be plain with your reverence, of the kind most useful to herself. I don't want a theologian, Mr. Choker, but, at the same time, I dare say the kind of girl to suit me will not be very deficient in her catechism or Bible either."

So Patty Penrose was nominated, and a most efficient functionary she turned out to be. The parlor that contained the wonderful portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Cosie in their civic splendors was turned into an office, for Mrs. Rowley and her daughters agreed that the daily contemplation of those works of art was a trial not to be faced, unless it was a positive duty. So they established Patty there, and you had only to look in at the door or the window to see how tidy and regular every thing was. There you would have seen the secretary herself, in a fresh cotton dress, with a black-silk apron, and her pen in her hand, or knowingly cocked behind her ear, seated at a desk, or a table covered with green baize, with a nest of drawers in it. Over the chimney-piece was one of the pictures, surmounted by a cuckoo-clock, and, on the opposite wall, was the other portrait, with a row of shelves on each side, on which were ranged the various account-books—and they were not a few—with an almanac, a dictionary, the county directory, and a Bradshaw, then quite a new publication. If Patty had a specialty, it was Bradshaw. There are men who know a great deal more about the stars than Mr. Greenwich, but are entirely at sea in Bradshaw; Mrs. Rowley herself was often lost in its labyrinths, but Patty threaded them like an Ariadne.

The table was well furnished with the usual official necessities and conveniences; with red ink and black ink, pens and wafers, and all the contrivances for keeping papers in order and subjection, weights for pressing them down, elastic bands for tying them up, and tweezers for pinching them, when nothing else would keep them together.

On a pin behind the door, hung the tidy secretary's straw hat with pink ribbons; there were always flowers in the window-seat, the grate was filled with heath and ferns, and there was generally a tortoise-shell cat asleep on the most comfortable chair in the room.

If you had passed from Patty's room into Mrs. Rowley's, which communicated with it, you would have found few or no signs of business at all. It was only a snug little drawing-room, hung with a pretty chintz, and the chairs covered with green velvet; for Mr. Cosie had new-furnished the room expressly for Mrs. Rowley's special use, and much more expensively than she would have done it herself. Beyond a map of the county on one wall, and a map of the estate on another, there was nothing suggestive of the management of property; and, as to double entry, you could only have been reminded of it by a second door, which led into the garden behind the house.

Indeed, you might have been for weeks under Mrs. Rowley's roof, without very well understanding how she ever got the name of the woman of business. When her affairs gave her most anxiety, she never made them the subject of conversation; and, if there was one thing more than another which she scrupulously abstained from talking of in her social hours, even in her family, or whether she lived in a cottage or a big house, it was money. This is not quite the same thing as not talking of business. Many people who never think of business, and have none to think of, will never tire talking of money-matters; how much such a one has a year, what fortune another intends to give his daughters, what he paid for his house or his horses, or what balance he is likely to have at his banker's. To Mrs. Rowley, such discussions were most disagreeable. Even when her difficulties were fresh, and her narrowed circumstances might well have excused her from at least alluding to them, she never allowed herself to touch the subject, to the no small surprise and often vexation of inquisitive people, who, before she left Paris especially, visited her expressly in the hopes of hearing her grievances from her own lips.

She drew her conversational resources from other fountains. Mrs. Rowley read twice as much as hundreds of ladies who have nothing in the world else to do. With respect to novels, Mrs. Rowley was something like the old judge, who said that one wine might be better than another, but that no wine could be said to be bad. In the same way, Mrs. Rowley devoured every novel and

romance, French and English, that came in her way, though nobody could better appreciate the master-pieces of fiction.

Much of her life, too, especially just now, was spent out-of-doors, except when the weather was too wet, which it is *sometimes* in that part of England, as, perhaps, you may know, without being a meteorologist. She visited all her people in her walks, generally accompanied by Susan, and sometimes by Fanny on a Shetland pony, for she was still not strong enough for much walking exercise. Mrs. Rowley was acquainted with everybody on her property, and never passed any one without a word or two, generally pleasant and encouraging, but sharp enough when there was occasion for it. Nobody could make a rebuke sting like her. Susan once told her that her intolerance of sauntering would be sure, one day or another, to nip some poet in the bud, by whose song Oakham might have been immortalized.

"I'm not uneasy about that," said Mrs. Rowley; "a lazy, lubberly fellow, my dear, were he to turn poet, would be infinitely more likely to prove a Tupper than a Thomson or a Burns."

Week after week passed away in these active employments, as good for the health of the mind as the body. The weather relented a little at intervals, but, on the whole, Arnaud could not have wished for a more tempestuous season. If one of the three cottagers was ever out of tune or out of spirits, it was Susan. Her sparkling gaiety seemed often transferred to Fanny, who was now sometimes Mrs. Rowley's sole companion in her rambles. Susan was not only provoked by the roughness of the climate, which formerly she used even to enjoy, but she was provoked with Mr. Arnaud, too, for had she not heard of his braving rougher winds and ruder seas, while she was far away in another land? However, she fought a tolerably good fight to keep her griefs to herself; took a fair part in all that her mother was doing; and found additional occupation, in conjunction with her sister, in hastening forward the repairs of Oakham House, that Mrs. Rowley might take possession of it as soon as possible, and enable the Cosies to return to their cottage.

Thus, there was no want of activity on both banks of the stream, though the doings on the Rowley side were so different from those of the other; but Foxden was making less and less noise every day, while the Meadows was talked of more and more.

More than one tourist in Cornwall that autumn was diverted from his track by the celebrity of Mrs. Rowley's undertakings and improvements; for Fame, never very particular about the strict truth, gave her credit, not only for her own doings, but for all Mr. Cosie's georgical and bucolical experiments on his own farm, which was not part of the Evelyn property at all. Some of these rambling people having nothing better to do when the day was over, were probably answerable for the high-flown paragraphs which appeared from time to time in the local newspapers, speaking of Mrs. Rowley and her enterprises, sometimes, even, with allusions to her person, with an exuberance of laudatory epithets to make the most flourishing penny-liner jealous. In one, she was described as something between Lord Byron's gorgeous butterfly, and Dr. Watts's busy bee; in another, she was compared to Ceres herself; and the writer gracefully added that he would have presented her with a wreath of poppies for her golden hair, only that he felt they would not go very well with her widow's cap.

At most of these absurdities Mrs. Rowley, of course, only laughed, but some of them provoked her naturally enough; for she did not want to be shown up before the public as "the mirror of English gentlewomen," or "as a pattern to her sex."

"People exclaim"—she said one day to the girls, on reading a panegyric more extravagant and offensive than usual, in which she was elegantly described as "the Man of Ross in petticoats"—"what a noise Mrs. Rowley is making! when it is themselves who make the noise about Mrs. Rowley. And then the absurd exaggeration of these idle scribblers! If I plant a few trees, it is a forest; if I only blast a few rocks in a field, I am changing the face of Nature; if I give a poor woman a loaf or an old gown, I am feeding the hungry and clothing the naked all over the shire. It ought really to be actionable to make a lady notorious in this way. If I can punish a man for abusing me, why not for making me ridiculous with his fulsome eulogies? I don't advertise myself, and I don't see why it should be lawful for any one to advertise me."

"Or, I think you might add, your daughters either," said Susan, who had read the paragraph to the end, which Mrs. Rowley had not

had patience to do—"as the charming heiresses who share the toils and triumphs of the enterprising and fascinating widow."

"It is really too bad," said Mrs. Rowley, laughing in spite of her inclination to be serious.

"You see, mamma," said Fanny, "you have not all the compliments to yourself."

Upon one occasion only did Mrs. Rowley incur some little personal annoyance from the inquisitive people whom her unavoidable notoriety brought to the neighborhood. To this incident, although only epistolical, let us devote a few pages before we come to the critical events which were soon to turn the situation of affairs topsy-turvy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DISCOVERY OF A NEW MANUSCRIPT OF THE PENTATEUCH.

MOST of our readers are aware that the originals of the Books of Scripture are not now in existence. Copies in manuscript, technically termed *codices*, are all that we have now to depend on. The earliest codices of the Old Testament extant are the Spanish. They may be attributed to the ninth or tenth centuries, and are held in high esteem by the Jews, as it is asserted that they were corrected by the Codex Hillel, a manuscript supposed to have been of hoar antiquity. Nevertheless, the Hebrew scholar has often wished from the bottom of his heart that a copy of the ancient Scriptures might be found which belonged to the halcyon days of the sacred tongue, when every king was commanded "to write him a copy of the law in a book." Perhaps this wish may be gratified at an early day, so far as regards the Books of Moses.

Hebrew was originally written in a different character from the one now in use, though cognate to it. When or why the change was made, is an undecided question. Most likely, during the Babylonian captivity, the children of Israel learned to write their language, which was like the Chaldaic, Shemitic, in the Chaldaic character; and continued to use that character after their return to their own country. But scholars are not altogether agreed about the matter.

The Samaritans—a mongrel people who inhabited Samaria after the ten tribes had been carried away, with very little Israelitish blood in their veins, but who mixed up Judaism and idolatry, worshipped in a temple on Mount Gerizim, which they built in opposition to the one on Mount Zion—received, it is said, through a Levitical priest, sent to them from Babylon, a copy of the Pentateuch written in the old Hebrew character. This manner of writing they ever preserved. It appears now on coins, medals, some minor writings, and in the Samaritan Pentateuch in Walton's celebrated Polyglot. The latter, however, is not considered pure. There are also, in the British Museum, several volumes of Samaritan, that include the Pentateuch, and some liturgies and ceremonials. Of their age we cannot speak; but they are all in the ancient character, which, Hävernicks says, is "identical with the old Hebrew."

Owing to the exclusiveness of the Samaritans, and the jealous spirit with which they have always secluded their writings, until within the last twenty years, it has been a difficult matter to obtain any of their manuscripts. Within the period referred to, however, a change has come over the spirit of the Samaritans; and the volumes, now in the British Museum, have been obtained. Germany, likewise, has procured some manuscripts through Prof. Petterman, of Berlin. Among them is a Pentateuch. But, a few years since, a discovery of great importance was made. Dr. Basilius Levisson, a distinguished member of the Russian establishment in Jerusalem, "got hold," we are informed, "of a large-sized vellum Samaritan Pentateuch, defective in a few leaves at the beginning and end, and which he believes to have been written during the days of the first Temple, which was destroyed B. C. 588." The London *Athenæum* gave the following as the reasons which induced Dr. Levisson to assign so remote a date to this valuable codex:

1. "The extreme reserve with which the priestly family in Nabulous have guarded it from the knowledge even of their own sect, and the assertion of the priest from whom it was obtained.

2. "The fact of its not being divided into chapters or sections of any kind, except as books, such as Genesis, Exodus, etc."

3. "The names of several priests found in marginal scraps about

the volume, recording occurrences connected with its preservation—the names coinciding with the priestly genealogy in his possession.

4. "The express statement, in a marginal observation, that the volume had escaped a peril of fire during the time of Zerubbabel, A. C. 530."

Dr. Levison, who, though a member of the Russo-Greek Church, is of Hebrew origin, and familiar with the Samaritan, as well as with the Masoretic Hebrew, aided by a learned assistant, devoted much time to his highly-prized manuscript and we believe proposed to reproduce it in fac-simile for the benefit of the leading European libraries.

This work of Dr. Levison, which should be far advanced now, is of great importance, and cannot fail to awaken the liveliest interest among those who search the Scriptures in the original. The learned professor avers that he has "noted down ten thousand variations" from the received Hebrew text. He does not inform us in regard to their importance. Will the new readings shed a new light upon the record of creation? Will they render a new translation of the original imperative?

The age of the manuscripts from which the Samaritan Pentateuch, in the Walton Polyglot, was derived, is quite uncertain. Some scholars have attributed them to the Macedonian period. The one in possession of Dr. Levison, thus far, seems to be a veritable antique, and may be expected to shed some light upon those which have preceded it. Indeed, a copy of the Books of Moses written when the first House was in her glory, is no small addition to literature, and must be regarded with emotion. We trust that if it is reproduced in fac-simile, that some of our libraries will obtain copies, as they have of the Codex Sinaiticus. Students of the sacred language will certainly view them with great interest.

INSTITUTIONS FOR IDIOTS.

I.

A LITTLE more than twenty years ago, there was no educational establishment for idiots in the United States; now there are two in New York, two in Massachusetts, one in Connecticut (recently liberally endowed by the late Philip Maret), one in Pennsylvania, one in Ohio, one in Kentucky, one in Illinois—at least nine in all, where above one thousand children are under instruction.

An idea of these institutions may be formed by visiting the New-York State Asylum for Idiots, which is a public charity, and the School for Feeble-minded Children, at Barre, Mass., which is private and self-supporting. Both were created by the same man.

Twenty-one years ago, Dr. Hervey B. Wilbur, then a physician at Barre, Mass., undertook the novel and perilous enterprise of attaching his own fortunes and those of his young family to the task of educating idiot children. He had no predecessor in this undertaking in this country, and he was sustained in his good work, against the forebodings and ridicule of friends and neighbors, only by the bravery of his wife.

After a few years, during which the young couple gave uninterrupted attention to their pupils, even to the extent of keeping the most helpless in their own bedroom, Dr. Wilbur was called, first, to Albany, and subsequently (when the State Asylum was erected) to Syracuse, there to organize the State institution for this helpless class; and was succeeded at Barre by Dr. George Brown, under whose careful and able management that school has attained its present high standing.

These two establishments demand a separate notice, because they are in some respect types of two classes of institutions, of two systems of physiological training, and of two wants unequally satisfied in our present organization.

The New-York State Asylum for Idiots was founded by an act of the New-York Legislature, dated July 10, 1851; and, at every session since, that body has voted an appropriation in its behalf. It is situated on one of those alternately green and white knolls which form a natural amphitheatre, whence the eye looks down to the wonderful growth of the "city of salt," Syracuse, below. Among the curling smoke of iron, glass, pottery, and other furnaces, above the sea of vats brimful of brine, stands the asylum—a tall and elegant building in the Italian style, surrounded by tasteful grounds, flanked by stables and farm-houses, extending its fields right and left, and its pleasant

groves—summer resorts of the children—over a tract fifty acres in extent.

The main building is compact and well arranged, containing, as usual, the apartments of the officers, as well as the living and training accommodations for a hundred and fifty pupils, the usual number in attendance. It contains also, what can hardly be found elsewhere, a library of school-books and of works on metaphysics, psychology, physiology, and nervous pathology, expressly selected to aid in the elucidation of the problems which occur in the treatment of nervous anomalies, and in the education of a class of children who are certainly not susceptible of education by any other system than that of physiological training.

In planning this institution, Dr. Wilbur had no model for reference, nothing but books and theories. It was the first asylum ever expressly built for idiots. His practical knowledge of their wants during the previous two or three years, and his remarkable mechanical skill and peculiar sense of the fitness of things, enabled him to overcome in an extraordinary degree the architectural difficulties in the construction of such a building. Idiotic children require more room, more air, more light, more warmth, than other children; all these, and especially the greater amount of room, which is indispensable in any attempt at improving these weak and sluggish natures, he provided for them. The pupils of the asylum are of both sexes, and in age range from seven years to twenty; they are chosen from a much larger number of applicants, in view of their possible improvement with the means there at command. Those who are absolutely helpless, either on account of restlessness, immobility, or accessory disease, must, of course, be rejected, since, if received, they would either be neglected, or each one would monopolize the entire time of an attendant, while the State appropriation will not permit more than one nurse or attendant to five or six children.

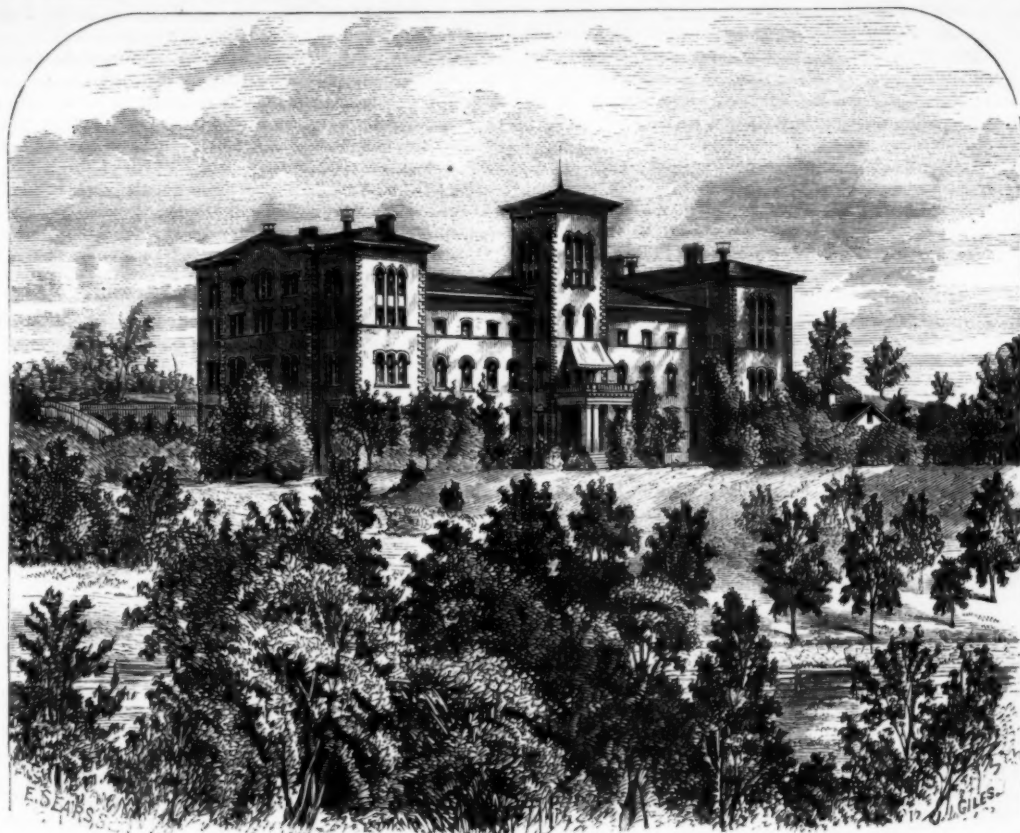
The pupils remain in the institution as long as there is visible improvement and progress; for, though nominally an asylum, it is really a training-school.* On admission, a description of the antecedents and existing condition of each pupil is entered on the records; and in every case sufficient freedom is allowed the child, to let him show his capacities, peculiarities, and tendencies. The study of these serves as a basis for his assignment to a particular group. This assignment of the child to his appropriate group or class is a step which requires remarkable discernment and thorough knowledge of the peculiarities of idiots; for the child may need to be with children of about the same development with himself, or with those who are further advanced, in order to stimulate his ambition; he may require to be with few or with many, with those who are too quiet, in order to calm down his excessive excitability; or with the restless ones, to rouse his more sluggish nature, etc., etc. He may also need to change from one group to another, either in consequence of his progress, or to subject him to a different mode of training.

This grouping introduces the subject of education; and what can be more interesting to the mind than the process by which another mind is let out or freed from the bondage and fetters which have hitherto imprisoned it? The success may be but partial; but it is absolute, so far as it goes.

The first problem is to disengage and develop the mind of an idiot, which has hitherto been as if hidden beneath the useless muscles and the insensate nerves, components of his weak and inefficient body. The second problem, though by no means the last, is to apply this partially-liberated intellect to the acquisition of useful knowledge and good habits.

These ends are accomplished, in Syracuse, by a series of agencies whose key is in the hand of the superintendent, and whose movements are intrusted alternately and unceasingly to attendants, gymnasts, and teachers. The idiots (*Idiot* means isolated) are not for a moment let alone. From morning till night they are led from one mode of activity to another—seated only to rest, and constantly working out their own progress through experimental and lively teachings. Early in the morning, as soon as dressed and fed, these children of the *niant* begin to do something. From half hour to half hour, they pass from singing or hearing music to exercises of locomotion, standing, training of the hand to prehension, imitation, feeling; then the errors of the

* Exceptionally, a few old pupils who are without property or friends anywhere, are allowed to stay on the farm or in the laundry, where they make themselves useful and happy, and are paid what their work is worth. This is a paternal, not yet legalized, arrangement.



INSTITUTION FOR IDIOTS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

senses are corrected, their modes of perception improved in quickness or accuracy, and raised progressively to phenomena more and more intellectual. The speech, its concordance with actions, the movements performed on command, the exercise of the will through obedience, the morality of labor, of partaking of food, of helping relations to each other, of pleasure and pain, all these exercises have a very different moral, intellectual, and hygienic result from those obtained in schools where book, child, and chair, are screwed together three hours at a time, or in reformatories where children drive the same kind of peg in the same kind of sole from morning to night, from day to day, etc.

"But," does the reader ask, "are not reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, etc., taught also?" Oh, yes. Dr. Wilbur has provided abundantly for instruction in these, and has devised and procured much apparatus to aid in the matter, and all the children, so far as they can, acquire a knowledge of these studies. Some become, after a time, remarkable proficient in penmanship; and one, occasionally, in geography, or in the rapid combinations or evolutions of numbers, astonishing even skillful teachers by his readiness on these subjects; but the majority profit more by the physiological than by the mental training; they are decidedly poor scholars, and are only proficient in kindness, honesty, and love of labor proportionate to their power.

This seemingly small success is really very great, when we compare it with the original incapacity of idiots. Dr. Wilbur has attained it by his superior administrative capacity, his tact in choosing, commanding, and keeping his helpers, but more than all by his adherence to physiological training. Without group-teaching, he could not have taught so many idiots with so few subordinates; without the incitement of systematic imitation, he could not have developed wills where even instincts were scarcely to be discovered; without sensorial exercises, he could not have accumulated distinct sensations, pabulum for comparison and judgment; without general gymnastics,

he could not have rendered human the balanced animal gait; and, without special gymnastics, he could never have given precision to localized movement, nor restored the paw-like hand of the idiot to the exalted place assigned it by Galen, at the summit of the creation, on a level with the brain itself. This, at least, Dr. Wilbur has done, and is doing every year better and better for the idiot children of the New-York State Asylum.

II.

TRANS we now to Barre, and see what Dr. George Brown has accomplished for a class of children of similarly incomplete development, but of wealthier parentage. Though I had expected to find a marked difference between a State and a private institution, yet the contrast was even greater than I had anticipated.

Leaving the Boston and Albany Railway at Brookfield, we rode among the hills of central Massachusetts to Barre, which we found a scattered village, and its institution for idiots a dis-collection of elegant or well-appointed buildings. It is situated on a broad and healthy plateau, enconced in trees. You come upon it suddenly; without preliminary approaches, you have before you a shallow and large basin of flowers set in raised margins of rich velvety turf, served to the surprised senses like a repast of scent and colors, guarded by stately evergreens trimmed after the manner of Versailles, and fronted to the left by the principal building, whose steps, columns, architraves, and galleries, rise above each other in Vitruvian ordonnance.

In this mansion, sanctified by its present use, Dr. Brown and his family reside, and within hearing-distance are the rooms assigned to the worst cases of bodily and mental infirmity, so that none can suffer without being heard either by Dr. or Mrs. Brown, whose care and watchfulness over the welfare of all under their charge is constant and all-engrossing. The other buildings are occupied by other pupils and their attendants, according to their fortune and the treatment which

may be necessary; to each building are attached all necessary conveniences, gardens, walks, etc.; the new building, recently completed under Dr. Brown's supervision, surpasses the rest in the completeness and perfection of its accommodations. With such ample provisions as these for the comfort of its inmates, the institution of Barre fulfils its twofold object—being a school for those who can improve, a retreat for those who cannot.

Here the training and nursing of individuals is as strictly carried out as the general training is at Syracuse. Private apartments, servants, horses, carriages, or any other comfort, may be indulged in, which is beneficial to the pupils and within the limits of their means. There are many benefits, as we shall see presently, derived from this somewhat large liberty.

There are at Barre about fifty patients brought from all parts of the country. How many of these are offshoots from some kind of aristocracy, miserable sprouts dried up with paralysis, softened by imbecility, shaken by the St. Vitus's dance, epilepsy, and what else that may befall haughty and empty families for believing themselves above the brotherhood of man, the universal family of patient workers, God alone knows. Mrs. Brown, whose opportunities for gathering observations in regard to children of this class have been greater than those of any other person now living, remarked to me that these children of endless siestas and satieties, or of moneyed and sensualistic indulgences, differed materially from those made idiotic by local influences, home-privations, and motherly suffering during pregnancy; the former presenting more variety, the latter more uniformity in their symptoms.

It was already empirically known that some idiots can be better improved by general training (a kind of attraction), and some by individual training (a kind of incubation, if I may call it so). The fitness of either exclusively, or of its preponderance in the educational process, was presumed from observation of the functional anomalies, and, in doubtful cases, a trial of both methods was resorted to, to determine which was best. Diagnosis is rendered more easy by the new criterion just laid down, and a rational diversity of treatment may be insisted upon, almost from the start, to the benefit of the pupils and to the more complete satisfaction of the teachers, since they will the better understand their task.

The part of this task mostly insisted upon at Barre is, for the reasons assigned above, the individual training. Sexes being separated, varieties and even individuals in some cases being kept apart, the school

and gymnasium do not, of course, present as lively an appearance as they do in a State institution. But on an examination of these smaller groups, or of the single idiots engaged either with a teacher or with a child of higher grade than themselves, you can easily discern the character of this individual training. It is the training of deficient functions by the immediate action of the teacher on the child. But, lest this definition should itself seem obscure, I will illustrate it by some examples of the method actually pursued in Barre. One of these has reference to *imitation*, which, after instinct, is the first lever of instruction for the idiot. Imitation, in its varied forms, opens the way to instruction proper. By it every member of the body, as well as the body as a whole, is drilled to regular action; the hands, in particular, are repeatedly trained to take all those positions which will be required in the acts of ordinary life or in the course of education. By it children, whose whole gait and manner is stiff and unyielding, or who are restless or immovable, are in more than one sense rebuilt into human shape and for ready usefulness.

Under the same individual incubation-like training, sensorial gymnastics extend the sphere of knowledge, at the same time that they perform the more important function of increasing the modes of vitality from without to within: as the sap comes up the tree from under the bark, so the blunted surfaces of the idiot are taught to circulate the feelings. The touch is developed by a series of tactile impressions, in which the pupil is told nothing, shown nothing, but made to feel extremely opposite properties of matter by contact alone. In other exercises it is the sight or hearing which is trained to perceive, unaided, impressions more and more delicate. Sometimes the exercises tend to develop the *accuracy of feeling*, sometimes to increase the *rapidity of perception*. By one series of exercises, one set of apparatus, the ultimate nerve-fibrils (innumerable and infinitesimal brains of the periphery) have their sensibility exalted; by other exercises, another set, the white conductors (or wires) are taught to forward in normal time a dispatch from the periphery to the central office of registration of impressions, etc. The improvement in these processes is capable of positive measurement, since, at the beginning, some idiots require several seconds to transmit an impression from without within, or a volition or order from within without, whereas the normal time for these operations is only $\frac{1}{2}$ th of a second for the former operation, and $\frac{1}{8}$ th for the latter. Thus the progress of sensation, perception, volition, and even self-control, may become susceptible of mathematical measure.



INSTITUTION FOR IDIOTS, BARRE, MASSACHUSETTS.

ment, just in proportion as the method of physiological education is rendered more positive by the precision of those who apply it.

Here the question naturally arises: When inert children are, year after year, provoked to vitality in all its modes from without within; when, by this slow process, they are progressively made to act, to feel, to speak, to will—some a little, some more, some like ordinary men—what part has the brain taken in this transfiguring revolution? It received the impressions, it acted on the spur of external stimuli, it remained for a variable time as passive as a muscle whose contraction shall depend upon the excitation to contractility either of a centripetal or of a centrifugal nerve. But, so far the encephalon did not give any evidence of spontaneity, its functional development took effect by continued impulsion from the periphery to the centre; a centripetal process, during which the cerebrum sent nothing to the outer world, but the outer world sent every thing to it from the periphery feelers through the nerve-cords. This attitude does not look like the supreme autocracy assumed for the brain. The nervous system would seem rather like an informal republic, where the presiding officer is vested with great powers, which he exercises when he has learned what they are and when he can assume them, but meantime any one is at liberty to take the initiative who possesses the ability. Thence might be concluded that, at least practically, the centre of the nervous system, at any time, is at that point, be it where it may, in which its concentrated irritability produces its principal action.

This conclusion, deduced from the physiological training of idiots, corroborates the position taken by several recent anatomists and physiologists, whose discoveries and experiments tend to increase our estimation of the rôle played in the human organism by the pneumo-gastric and sympathetic systems and by the minor ganglia and peripheric nervous element, lowering to some extent the assumed omnipotence of the brain proper in the psychical domain. In this respect, as in several others, the treatment of idiots has proved that its fundamental doctrine lay deep in positive knowledge, and that, even in its infancy, it can be called to offer valuable and important testimony in questions relative to the progress of the correlation of sciences.

I began this paper as I entered the institutions for idiots, thinking only of their modes of improvement; but the philosophy of the subject has carried me far from the more particular description I had intended of the method adopted for the regeneration of these unfortunate creatures, the offspring of our sufferings or our excesses; let me, in closing, recur for a moment to these institutions.

I have endeavored to convey an idea of the differences which do and must exist between a public and a private school for idiots. Both have been opened for the same class of children, and treat them by the same method, applied in both by the choicest women. In this they are alike; in every thing else they differ. Let us see:

A. The State institution is but a school where idiots are received, if they can improve, and kept as long as they do improve.

B. In it, the physiological treatment is applied mostly to groups, the children, constantly in contact, being raised up from idiocy by the incessant action of the whole on each.

C. The sexes are completely separated in the dormitories and gymnasium—not always at recess. They take together their meals, lessons, walks, musical exercises, dancing, and other evening entertainments.

On the other hand:

A. The private institution is a school for the young and improving idiot, and a life-long retreat for the hopeless cases.

B. In it, the physiological method is applied to a pupil by a teacher, who carries him (with exclusive regard for his individuality) from instinctive to intellectual operations, through personal imitation, etc.

C. The inmates live in separate buildings, boys and girls have their grounds, schools, teachers, matrons, attendants, etc., apart. Some even eat and are taught in their own rooms; the best of them only take their meals with the doctor's family, and enjoy evening games.

To sum up, it is difficult to understand, unless by sight, how the same thing can be done so well, and yet so differently, as it is at Syracuse and at Barre. It is a pleasure and a duty to bestow upon them both, in their present condition of efficiency, unreserved praise. Had it been my good fortune to visit the training schools for idiots in other States, I have no doubt that I should have found them equally worthy of commendation. Did space permit, I should have desired also to speak of the services rendered to the cause of the

physiological training of idiots by organizers like Dr. Joseph Parrish and his accomplished wife; by teachers like Misses Young and Wood, who count at least sixteen years of active service in Syracuse; and by authors like Dr. L. P. Brockett, whose essays and cyclopædic articles on idiocy have diffused more sympathy for idiots and more knowledge of the best modes of training them, throughout this country, than has been attempted in Europe.

MR. DAWBARN.

BY T. W. ROBERTSON, AUTHOR OF "CASTE," "OURS," "SOCIETY" "SCHOOL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"WOULD you have the kindness to step this way, sir, into Mr. Dawbarn's room?"

These words were addressed by a banker's clerk to a young man whose dress and manners were a vulgar compound of groom, betting-man, and pugilist. The sporting gentleman swaggered by the desks and the clerks, looking infinite disparagement at the whole concern, and was ushered through the double doors into the presence of Mr. Dawbarn.

Mr. Dawbarn was the principal banker in Bramlington, and Bramlington was the county town of the little county of Mufford. It consisted of one long, straggling street, beautified by five old churches, each a splendid specimen of architecture, which contrasted strongly with the Town Hall, the Corn Exchange, and the Market Place, which were modern buildings, and unpleasant to look at.

"Mr. Studden," said Mr. Dawbarn to the young gentleman of sporting appearance, "I have to talk to you, sir, very seriously; sit down, if you please."

Mr. Studden sat in a chair as if it were a saddle, shut one eye knowingly, and examined the thong of his whip with the other.

"Mr. Studden," continued the banker, solemnly, "I have been informed that you have overdrawn your account to the amount of—"

"Yes; I know all about that, governor," broke in Mr. Studden. "I've been told so twice."

"I therefore gave directions that the next time you presented a check, you should be shown in here to me," said the banker.

"That is—a check of my own drawing."

"Quite so."

"Well, now I am here," said Mr. Studden, goading the side of his imaginary horse with his left heel; "respectful comps, and should like to know your little game. What's to be done?"

"Mr. Studden, I have known you from a boy."

"Well, I know that."

"And I now see you a ruined man."

"Hold hard, Matilda," interrupted Studden, "not ruined—pushed for the moment—on my knees, but not staked. I've been unlucky on the races this last year—unlucky at play. Why, last night I lost a pot at loo, and then that gal behaved to me in—"

"Mr. Studden," said the banker, closing his eyes, "I cannot listen to a catalogue of your cri—cri—imprudences. I am the father of a family, and—"

"Cut that, governor!" broke in the amiable Mr. Studden. "What I want is money, and not preaching—no preachee and floggee too. This is the state of the odds. I've overdrawn my account, good; will you let me have some more? tin, I mean; if you will, I'm sure to retrieve myself. I've some splendid things on, but I must have the ready—ti—iddity—rhino."

"Mr. Studden," said Mr. Dawbarn, "I do not understand your jargon, nor is such language the sort of thing I am accustomed to hear. You have lost the fortune left you by your father in gambling, horse-racing, and—and the like. For the last seven years I have seen you going to irretrievable ruin. As you had a long minority, and no friends to advise you, I have tried to help you, but I regret to say, your complete ruin is inevitable—inevitable."

"Bet you fifteen to one it isn't!" said Mr. Studden.

"What you owe me," continued the banker, not noticing the interruption—"what you owe me I shall never trouble you for."

"Bless you!" said the irreverent Studden.

Mr. Dawbarn's face reddened. "Mr. Studden," he choked out, "I am not accustomed to be treated with rudeness, and I don't mean to begin now. I would have given you some advice, sir."

"Don't want it, thank you."

"Good advice, parental advice; but it will be of no use, I can see."

"Not a bit."

"I shall leave you, therefore, to the pursuit of your career of profanity, and may it—may it—" Mr. Dawbarn stammered, for he felt that he was proposing a toast at a public meeting—"may it prove to you that—that—that—"

"Out with it, governor," said the insolent young sporting-man.

"No, sir, I will not out with it," said the banker, majestically. "I will not say what I was going to say."

"Are you quite clear what you were going to say?" inquired the young man, who respected neither age nor wealth.

Mr. Dawbarn covered his defeat grandly. "I will not detain you any longer, Mr. Studden;" he rang the bell; "I wish you good-day, sir; my servant will show you out."

"Very good, governor," said Mr. Studden, dismounting from his chair, or saddle. "You throw me over—very good; and just at the moment when I could make a colossal fortune. If I had your capital—or you had my talent and speculated—ka foozium!—what might not be made with the tips I have!—I know the way out, Chawles"—this Mr. Studden addressed to the servant—"you needn't show me.—Mr. Dawbarn, I have the honor to be, sir, yours truly, ever to command, etcetera—cetera—cetera."

Mr. Studden departed with a flourish, leaving the banker in a state of the most wrathful indignation. Mr. Dawbarn was a great man in Bramlington, and accustomed to be treated with respect and deference and servility; and, though so excellent a person, Mr. Dawbarn was something of a humbug, and the young man's manners had convinced him that he knew it; and it is very annoying to men of fifty years of age to be found out by their juniors. Mr. Robert Studden, or, as he was called, Mr. Bob Studden, or Mr. Rip Studden, swaggered past the cashier and clerks with the ease of a jockey and the grace of a groom. A dozen steps from the door of the bank he met a clerk whom he stopped.

"Halloa," he cried with graceful badinage, "Munro, how goes it?"

"How do you do, Mr. Studden?" inquired the clerk.

"Don't be in such a hurry—well, how is she—eh?"

"Mr. Stud—I—"

"Don't be afraid, my boy. I'm not the man to spoil sport. Why not bolt with her? bolt! I'd lend you my last fiver to help you. I saw you the other morning. Ri-tol-de-rol, lol-li-day."

Mr. Studden closed one eye, thrust his tongue into his cheek, and strolled down the one long, straggling street of Bramlington, the pink of sporting, self-conscious vulgarity.

CHAPTER II.

In a small country town it is impossible that any thing can be kept secret—except murder—and then Rumor points to so many probable criminals, that justice and detective policemen become lost in surmise, and embarrass the innocent that the guilty may go free. Slow to detect murder, the provincial intellect is swift at the discovery of love. Had Romeo met Juliet at a fancy ball in Peddlingham, instead of at a masquerade in Verona, and afterward prowled about the garden of his mistress's father's house, the Signori Capulet and Montague would have been informed of the occurrences early on the following morning by several competent and credible eye-witnesses—all of the gentler sex, and the majority on the other side of five-and-thirty years of age.

It was Christmas-Day, cold, clear, and frosty. Mr. Dawbarn was dressed in his brightest black, and his cravat was as a monument to the most irreproachable of laundresses. But Mr. Dawbarn was pale and agitated, his head shook and his hands trembled, till the papers he held in them rattled and crumbled, when a servant opened the dining-room door and announced "Mr. Munro."

Mr. Dawbarn turned paler; and when the young clerk whom Mr. Robert Studden had so playfully rallied a fortnight before in the street entered, the banker trembled more violently.

"Mr. Munro," said the banker, when the door was closed, "you—you—you doubtless know why I have sent for you—on this festive occasion—sion, to-day?"

The young clerk, who was as pale as Mr. Dawbarn, faltered out, "No, sir," with so transparent an effort that the banker saw that the young man perfectly understood the reason of the interview.

"Your conduct, sir, has been such that I—I—I do not know how to address you," stammered Mr. Dawbarn. "That you, sir, my servant,

my paid and salaried servant, should have so abused my confidence; should have so dared to try to so injure me, is—is—what I did not expect from you. I know all, sir, all. You are discharged from the bank this moment."

A pang shot over the young man's face.

"You will not be allowed to enter there again. This quarter's salary is there, sir." The banker put upon the table a small paper packet. "As I shall not suffer you to take your place at your desk again, there is a half-year's salary." The banker placed another small packet on the table, and the clerk made a deprecatory motion with one hand. "I insist on it, sir, and shall take no denial. I also insist on your leaving Bramlington to-night, or to-morrow morning, at the very latest. Should you have any debts here, leave a list of them, and, to-day being Christmas-Day, I will see that one of the clerks pays them the day after to-morrow. There can be no excuse for your remaining, and your absence, sir, is a matter of much more importance to me than a few paltry pounds; so I will hear of no objection."

Mr. Dawbarn paused and drew breath, and the young clerk looked at him and then at the window, as if out into a far distance beyond.

"My accounts, sir," he began, when the banker interrupted him.

"Will be found quite right, I dare say. Had you only robbed me of money, sir, I should have been better pleased. I have treated you only too well, and, in return, see what you have done." Mr. Dawbarn struck his clinched hand upon the table. "But no matter. Do I understand that you will leave Bramlington to-night?"

Munro took his eyes from the window, and, looking full in the banker's face, said:

"Lucy."

Mr. Dawbarn's face turned scarlet, and he again struck the table. "Don't mention my daughter's name to me, sir, if you please. I won't hear it! How dare you? There, sir, are the rubbishing letters you have sent to her, and, if you have any sense of decency or honesty left, you will return those you have of hers—of—of my daughter's."

Munro took up the letters his former master had tossed to him.

"Did you hear me, sir?" asked the banker.

"I beg your pardon."

"I say, will you give me back her letters, and will you leave Bramlington to-night?"

There was a pause, and the bells of the church rang out for morning service.

"I can make no promise, sir," replied the young clerk, very clearly.

"I have a duty to your daughter as well as a duty to you. If she desires that I should—"

"You set me at defiance, do you, sir?" burst in the banker.

"Very good, very good; but don't suppose, if you stay here forever, that you will see my daughter, or be enabled to write to her. If you stop in Bramlington, she goes. Next week she travels with her mother to London, abroad, anywhere, away from her father's presumptuous clerk, who, because his master asked him a few times to his house, to sit at his table, and treated him as an equal, so far forgot himself as to lift his eyes up to his daughter, his only child."

It had been a terrible Christmas morning in the banker's house. Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn had been informed that their only daughter, Lucy, rose every morning early, and had an interview with the young clerk, Munro, in the kitchen-garden, the door of which opened into a lane, and of which door either Lucy or the young clerk, or both, possessed a key. Lucy had been forced into a confession, and had gone on her knees to her papa, and wept and implored him not to hurt her George. She had given up all his letters, which she was in the habit of placing under her pillow every night, and which letters Munro had written stealthily in banking-hours, and placed in a certain portion of the wall near the tool-house in the kitchen-garden. Mr. Dawbarn went on wildly, and frightened Mrs. Dawbarn—a good, motherly woman—into a fit. When Mrs. Dawbarn recovered, Miss Lucy went off into a swoon, and her father and mother had to recover her, and Mr. Dawbarn was in agonies lest the servants of his household should be cognizant of the disturbance, which was an entirely unnecessary excitement on his part, as they, the servants, had known all about it for the last eight months. Poor Lucy was told that Munro was to be immediately sent away, but that she and her mamma were to go to church that day, as their absence might be remarked by a devout but curious congregation, and that she was to bathe her eyes and look unconcerned, easy, comfortable, and composed.

As Lucy and her mamma passed the door of the dining-room, Lucy heard the young clerk's voice. She knew that she should never see him again, and she could not resist her impulse. She ran to the door, seized the handle, and would have opened it, but her mamma pulled her away, and on the other side Mr. Dawbarn rushed to the door and put his back against it. Munro strode to the window, that he might take a last look of his mistress as she left the house.

"Good-by, George, dear, good-by," cried poor Lucy, in the passage; "we shall never see each other again; but, good-by, and good-by, and good-by again!"

CHAPTER III.

A YEAR had elapsed since Lucy Dawbarn had bidden farewell to her father's clerk through the dining-room door. He had left Bramlingdon, and gone, no one knew whither. Neither letter nor message came to Lucy; she was too strictly watched. She often walked in the garden, and looked at that portion of the wall where they had concealed their letters. The good old brick that they used to take out and put back again was a thing of the past. In its place there was a bran-new red brick, cemented by bran-new white mortar, that you could see a mile off. Lucy had been to London, and had been visiting, not only her father's and mother's relatives, but the magnates of the county, and had seen all sorts of pleasures and fashion and distraction, and, at the end of six months, had returned, very thin and pale.

She had been home but a few weeks, when the news came that young Munro had sailed from Liverpool for New York. It reached Lucy's ears through a sympathetic servant-maid. The next morning, she sent word that she would like to have a cup of tea sent to her upstairs in her own room, as she had a headache, and begged to be excused from the breakfast-table. Mrs. Dawbarn knew that she had heard of Munro's departure for America, but she did not dare to mention even the name of the objectionable clerk to her husband, who was entirely ignorant of the young man's movements. Two or three days after, the doctor was sent for. The medical man hummed and hawed, and said that his patient was low. Lucy grew worse and worse. A consultation was held. The young lady's disorder was pronounced to be nervous fever; and one white-headed old gentleman from London suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn that if the young lady were engaged he should not advise the postponement of the ceremony.

"You see, my dear Mr. Dawbarn," said the old gentleman, "your dear daughter's malady is partly mental. She has here no employment, that is, no fresh employment for her mind. If you could substitute new duties, fresh impressions, she would recover quickly. Her energy is wearing her to pieces; she wants, so to speak, to begin her life over again. If—if her partner has not yet been chosen"—here the eyes of the father and mother met—"let her travel, let her choose an occupation, give her something to do. I know a young lady—much the same kind of case—who took to painting, and found considerable benefit from the study and the practice. Italy, now, might create a desire to cultivate some art—say music, eh? Your dear daughter is not strong; her mind is too much for her body."

Lucy was taken to Harrogate, to Cheltenham, to Leamington, and Scarborough, then to the south of France and Italy. When she returned to Bramlingdon, she had to be lifted from the carriage. Her father, who had not seen her for two months, was struck with the visible alteration in her face and figure. He himself carried her to her room, and was hardly conscious of his burden. She said she was tired with her journey, and would go to bed. Mr. Dawbarn descended to dine with his wife, and meeting on the stairs with the sympathetic housemaid who had informed Lucy of Munro's departure for America, and asking the girl why she was crying, and receiving for answer that it was for Miss Lucy, discharged her on the spot.

It was a dismal dinner. Husband and wife spoke but little, and, when one caught the other's eye, there was a great show of appetite. Mr. Dawbarn drank a considerable quantity of sherry. When the cloth was removed, the conversation flagged. Neither dared begin the consultation they felt was inevitable. Before they went into Lucy's room, to look at her as she lay sleeping, Mr. Dawbarn put his arm round his wife's waist and kissed her on the forehead, a proceeding which made the good old lady tremble very much, and her mouth and nostrils quiver.

Side by side in the dark the couple lay awake in their luxurious

chamber, staring at the reflection of the window-frame upon the blinds. The father began:

"Jemima."

"Philip," said the mother.

"What do you think of Lucy?"

The mother heaved a deep sigh.

"Good God!" said the banker, "when I took her up in my arms, I could hardly feel her weight. She was like a feather—like a feather. Jemima, you're crying, my love. Tell me, honestly, now, honestly, candidly, as you think. Tell me, tell me."

The wife threw her arms around her husband's neck, and sobbed: "I fear that we shall lose her!"

It was spoken, and Death was recognized as a Presence in the house.

"D'ye think there's so hope?"

"Only one, and that a very poor one."

Mr. Dawbarn felt a mental quail, for he knew what was coming.

"What's that?" he asked.

"You'll be angry with me, Philip, if I tell you."

"Angry, my dear? No, no, not a bit," said the father.

"You know what I mean."

The banker sighed.

"Do you mean?" he began.

"Yes, I do," replied the mother. "If Lucy could see or hear of that young man, I believe she would recover. I'm sure it would do her good."

There was a long pause. Mr. Dawbarn groaned in spirit, but he felt that his wife was right.

"I had such better views for her," groaned the banker.

"Yes, my dear, I know you had," said the wife, pressing his hand.

"Lord Landringa was most particular in his attentions, and Sir Theophilus Hawdon absolutely spoke to me about her."

"I know he did," said the acquiescent wife.

"Think of Lucy being Lady Landringa, or Lady Hawdon! County people—and then of her being Mrs. —, oh!"

"It's a sad thing, dear, but what can we do now that she's so ill—poor thing! And if we could save her life—"

Mr. Dawbarn turned in the bed. "I'll ask Topham about it tomorrow." (Topham was the doctor.) "I'll hear his opinion."

"I have asked him," said the mother, "and he agrees with me."

"But how can it be done?" asked the banker, turning again restlessly. "I can't ask the fellow to marry my daughter."

"No, but you can offer him a situation in the bank."

"Suppose he refuses?"

"He won't refuse."

"But how can I find him? Where is he?"

"In America," answered Mrs. Dawbarn.

"America!" repeated the banker, sitting up in bed. "Then how the deuce is he to be got at?"

"Advertise for him. If he will apply to So-and-so, he will hear something to his advantage. I asked Dr. Topham's advice about all that."

"Advertising is not respectable," said the banker; to which his wife made no reply but the word "Lucy."

"Besides," continued Mrs. Dawbarn, after a short pause, "if you don't like advertising, send somebody after him, to find out where he is."

"Send somebody! Send who?"

"Oh, that Mr. Studden; he's doing nothing, and I dare say will be glad of the job."

"I suppose that Topham advised that, too?"

"Yes, he did."

"I thought I recognized Topham's interest in that young vagabond. I suppose you and he have talked this matter over now some time."

"I and Mr. Studden?"

"No, you and Topham."

"Yes."

"And you've arranged it all between you?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me this before, Jemima?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid! Afraid of what?"

"Of you."

"Of me, Jemima? Don't you think I love my child as much as you?"

"I'm sure you do; but you men don't understand some things."

"But Topham's a man," remarked the puzzled banker.

"But, then, he's a doctor," was the reply.

Mr. Dawbarn groaned inwardly, as a possible coronet presented itself to his mind's eye—and then faded away. "I suppose you must have it your own way," he said.

"May I, Philip?" asked his wife, putting her arm around his neck a second time.

"Yes, I believe you're in the right. But won't the shock—the surprise hurt her?"

"I'll answer for that. May I tell her to-morrow?"

"Yes," sighed the vanquished father.

"Bless you, Philip," said the good mother; and she kissed her partner, and both wife and husband slept the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER IV.

"Lucy, my dear," said Mrs. Dawbarn the next morning, as she entered the invalid's chamber, "I and papa have been talking about you."

"Yes, mamma," said Lucy, with an evident want of interest in the subject.

"And what do you think he says?"

"Don't know, mamma."

"He's going to make some alterations in the bank."

"Oh, indeed!" Miss Lucy had not the smallest solicitude about the bank.

"And what else do you think?"

"Oh, mamma, I am so tired!" said Lucy, peevishly.

"What else do you think he means to do?" continued Mrs. Dawbarn, bending her matronly head over her daughter's face, and pouring into her ear words that made the girl flush scarlet and her eyes flash.

"Oh, mamma, it can't be true!"

"My love, could I deceive you?"

"No, dear mamma, no; but, oh, is it true? Kiss me, mamma dear. I am so happy and so thankful! and—and in a little time, when I've thought over how happy I am, papa may come in, and I'll kiss him and thank him, and tell him how grateful I am, too, and—" but poor Lucy could get no further, and sobbed and wept with delight.

"My darling, kiss me now," said her father, advancing from the door behind which he had watched the effect of the news. "I'll do any thing to make you happy—any thing."

"Oh, papa! my own papa!"

"My darling, you'll love me now again as you used to do—won't you? and—and—there's Mr. Bob Studden's knock. I'll send that fellow off to New York—I mean to Liverpool—this very night."

Mr. Bob Studden was waiting in the dining-room. He was so changed in face, dress, appearance, and manner, that, when Mr. Dawbarn saw him, he started, and said:

"Are you Mr. Robert Studden?"

"Yes, Mr. Dawbarn, it's me," said the familiar voice. "I dare say you find me changed. I do myself."

He was, indeed, altered. In place of the spink, span, new, natty, dressy, shiny, oily, varnished Bob, the delight of bar-maids, and the envy of grooms, stood a shabby, corduroy-trousered, waistcoatless vagabond, smelling of straw and porter. Mr. Dawbarn hesitated before he asked him to sit down.

"I got your letter, sir," said Bob, whose manner was as deferential as his clothes were shabby, "and came on immediately. Sorry I couldn't present myself more decently; but such is fate."

"What are you doing now, Mr. Studden?" asked the banker.

"At present, sir," replied Bob, "I am stable-man at the Cock and Bottle."

"Good gracious!"

"It's not what I could wish, sir; but it's better than nothing. I'm sorry to say I'm only employed there two days a week—Mondays and market-days; but still, what with odd jobs, I manage to grub on."

Mr. Dawbarn looked at the ex-betting-man's wan face and wistful eyes, and asked him if he would take a glass of wine.

* Bob shot a quick glance, and said that he would; and in the keen look Mr. Dawbarn read hunger.

"The sherry," said the banker to a servant; "and bring lunch—some cold roast-beef—and—you know; and, when we've lunched, Mr. Studden, we'll talk business."

Mr. Studden's performance upon the beef was so extraordinary, that the banker feared that he would commit involuntary suicide. It was with a feeling of intense relief that he saw him attack the cheese; but the attack was so prolonged, that Mr. Dawbarn feared lest the suffocation the beef had left unaccomplished should be effected by the Station.

"Not any more, sir; thank you," answered Bob to his host's complimentary question. "I never tasted such a cheese, and, as for the beef, it's beautiful. I haven't tasted animal food for these ten days. For red-herring is not animal food any more than a lump of salt is, and I'm sick of red-herrings. Soak 'em in as much hot water as you like, they always taste of lucifers—perhaps because they lie next to 'em in the shop. I may thank you, Mr. Dawbarn, for a meal such as I haven't had for—for—"

The wine Mr. Studden had drunk seemed to have got into his head, and from his head into his eyes. Men are strange creatures—and even betting-men are men—and, whether it was the memory of by-gone days, or the wine, or the bread, or the butter, or the beef, or the cheese, that affected him, cannot be ascertained; but one of these causes, or some of them, or all, caused Bob Studden to lay his head upon his knees, and to cry copiously.

He then began accusing himself, and saying that he was a bad lot; that he was miserable, and repented; that his life was an hourly curse to him; that he knew he had brought it all upon himself; that all his friends had deserted him, particularly those who had shared his hospitality, and even his money, when he was prosperous; that the man who owed his rise in life to him, and whom he had assisted at a crisis, had behaved to him with an ingratitude that stung him to the soul; that he was half-starved, and had no bed but in the stable; that he was ruined—ruined—and had no hope.

When the poor, broken-down gamster had exhausted himself, the banker began. He told him that he (the banker) had been advised to offer him (Studden) employment, because he knew him to be intelligent, and hoped that his past sufferings had been a warning to him for the future; that the business he wished to employ him on was difficult and delicate—being no less than to go to New York, and from there to wherever else it might be necessary to travel, in search of Mr. Munro; that money would be provided and letters furnished him, and that he was required to start for Liverpool that very night; that it was hoped he would not lightly give up a chance that offered him redemption for the past, and a fine prospect for the future.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" said Bob, rising, and grasping the banker's hand; "and God bless you, Mr. Dawbarn, for giving a poor outcast devil like me the chance. I'll not deceive you, sir; if I do—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Studden!"

"You'll make a man of me, sir—a MAN! I'll be true as steel. I'll not bet—not on the best horse that was ever foaled. To-night, sir I'll start this minute, barefoot, if you wished it. I've got a decent suit of clothes in pawn, sir, quite good enough for the likes of me I'll be faithful and true, sir, and—and—God bless you, sir, and—and—"

Here Bob broke down again, and even stiff Mr. Dawbarn was compelled to use his cambric handkerchief, as Mr. Studden used his ragged sleeve. Bob was furnished with letters; among them was one from Mr. Dawbarn addressed to Munro, which enclosed a note from Lucy, which contained only these words, written in a large, trembling hand:

"Come back to me! oh, come back to me, my dear! and soon, if you would see again upon this earth,

"Your own

"LUCY."

A few hours after Bob was seated on the roof of the night-coach, and as it rattled past the banker's house he saw a light in Lucy's chamber. Although the night was cold, the window was thrown up, and a thin hand waved a handkerchief.

CHAPTER V.

Two years elapsed, and there was no news of the missing Mr. Munro. Letters arrived frequently from different parts of America from Mr. Bob Studden, who evidently found his task to be more difficult than he had supposed. America was a large continent, and it was

not so easy to find one particular man upon it. Poor Lucy amused herself by reading books and perusing maps. She liked to wonder if George were there, or there, and what sort of place it was. She arranged all Mr. Bob Studden's letters of intelligence in chronological order, and compared them with the books and the maps, and so traced his progress. She always knew when an American letter arrived, by an instinct for which she was at a loss to account herself; but for all these sources of consolation, for all her father's and mother's solicitude, she grew weaker and weaker. She took no air but in an invalid chair. Her father walked by her side grave and dejected. Stealthy shadows took possession of the banker's house. They flitted on the windows, lingered on the staircases, and hung about the passages; and the good folks of Bramlingdon looked sad as they passed the banker's, over which, as over those it contained, there hung the sanctity of a great sorrow.

Two long, long years, and two long, long months Lucy waited and hoped, each day her pale cheek growing paler, and her light form lighter, and toward Christmas she was unable to be lifted from her bed. Dr. Topham said that he had exhausted the resources of his science; and when the poor girl turned feverishly, and, with a slight access of delirium, asked for the fiftieth time if there was no news, the doctor beckoned the banker and his wife from the sick-room, and said:

"I've an idea! This cannot last long—she must be quieted somehow. She keeps asking for news; now news from America would quiet her, and she might sleep."

"We have no news," said the single-minded banker.

"No," replied the doctor, "but we can make some."

"Make some!"

"Fabricate it—invent it. Don't you see?"

"Oh, doctor!" remarked the tearful mother, "to deceive a poor creature on the threshold of death!"

"To snatch her from death," said Dr. Topham. "It must be done, it is the last chance. We must write a letter from Studden this very night."

"But—but—but—it is forgery!" stammered the banker.

"Besides," said Mrs. Dawbarn, "Lucy knows Mr. Studden's hand, and always examines the envelopes."

"Then," said the doctor, "we must do it by telegraph."

"Telegraph!"

"Yes. In a few minutes you will receive a telegram from Mr. Bob Studden, saying that he has just arrived at Liverpool with—with a companion."

"Who'll send it?"

"I will," said the doctor.

"But when—when she finds that Studden is not in England—what then?"

"We must think of something else," said the undaunted Topham.

"The case is desperate, and something desperate must be tried. Go and talk to her, Mrs. Dawbarn, and I'll send the telegram."

With a strong feeling of conscious guilt Mr. and Mrs. Dawbarn put into their daughter's hand a telegram containing the following words:

"From Robert Studden, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, to Charles Dawbarn, Bramlingdon.

"I have just arrived in Liverpool. I have news of Mr. M. I hope to be in Bramlingdon by Thursday."

Lucy read the telegram, and sat up in her bed.

"He's come, mamma!" she said, and her eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed. "He landed in England this morning—I felt he did—about nine o'clock. He will be here soon—George will—very soon—very soon. Mamma, please tell Eliza to put out my lilac frock. He liked lilac—and to come and do my hair—and—and—tell Eliza to come to me—and I can tell her what I want myself."

The father and mother exchanged glances that said, "Here is the consequence of our deception. What can be done next?" The thought had hardly been interchanged before a smart rap was heard at the street-door, and a servant came in with another telegraphic dispatch, which ran thus:

"From R. Studden, Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, to C. Dawbarn, Bramlingdon.

"Just arrived here, with Mr. Munro. Shall start by night-train,

leaving here at 1.30. M. and self will be at Bramlingdon to-morrow. Telegraph back."

"How absurd of Topham to send two telegrams!" said Mr. Dawbarn, when he and his wife were alone, "as if one would not bring mischief enough. He must be mad."

Dr. Topham entered the house, and inquired how his plan had succeeded.

"Oh, Lucy is very much delighted and agitated," answered Lucy's father. "What we shall do with her when she finds the news not true I do not know. But, Topham, why the deuce did you send two telegrams?"

"Two!" echoed Topham. "I only sent one."

"Yes, you did."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did. Here it is."

The doctor looked at the second telegram, and said: "I didn't send this."

"No! Who then?"

"By Jove! *he* did—Studden, I mean. Dawbarn, he's come—he's come! I only anticipated the truth. It was a medical inspiration—and my patient will recover."

Mr. Dawbarn lost no time in telegraphing back to Liverpool. At Lucy's express desire Mr. Studden was instructed to telegraph at every station, that she might know how much nearer and nearer her George was to her. The telegraph boys were up the whole night, and Lucy kept the telegrams and read them until she fell fast asleep.

When she awoke she found herself unable to rise, so resolved to receive her future husband in state; and when she had looked in the mirror she begged her mamma in a whisper to let her have some rouge—"not to make me look better, but for fear my pale, white, white cheeks should frighten George."

The heavy hours flew by. George arrived, and was shown upstairs to his faithful, constant mistress; and the servants in the kitchen held great jubilee, and there was sweetheating below stairs as well as above.

Mr. Dawbarn found Mr. Bob Studden quite an American—according to the notion of Americans imbibed by Englishmen a few months resident in the New World. He wore a "goatee" beard, square-toed boots, and loud trousers and cravat. He addressed Mr. Dawbarn as "Colonel," and assumed a manner that savored equally of the quarter-deck and the counter—half pirate, half bagman.

"As I advertised you, colonel," he explained, "in the various letters from the various diggings where I fixed my temporary location when I set foot in New York, I could find small trace of G. Munro; but I followed up that trace, and dogged eternally wherever he had made tracks. At last I lost him, and I was near thinkin' I was done holler—yes, sir—and do you know why I thought I was done holler? He changed his name, and what his last occupation was I could not discover. However, I travelled and travelled on; and how d'ye think, and whar d'ye think, colonel, I found him out at last?"

"I don't know."

"It was quite by accident—it was. I thought I'd heard of him in Detroit, but I couldn't find him in Detroit; and I was goin' away by the cars on the following sun-up. Not knowing what to do with myself till roosting-time, I strolled into the museum—that is—that was a theatre then. The first man I see upon the stage was G. Munro, dressed like a citizen, in coat, vest, and pants, or perhaps I should not have known him. I hailed him, and we started off that very night. We travelled quicker than post, or I should have written. I should have diagnosed him before, but the track was cold, because he had changed his name, and gone upon the stage—a fact which I have not mentioned to any one but you, nor do I intend to do—the stage not being considered by the general as business-like."

Lucy was soon seen out again in the invalid-chair; but her father no longer walked by her side. He was replaced by Mr. Munro, who usually propelled it himself. Within eighteen months the young couple were married, and some time after George was made a partner in the bank. Mr. Robert Studden, by the assistance of his patron, emigrated to Australia, where he drives a thriving business in horses. Before he sailed he spent the Christmas-Day with the bride and bridegroom. And though our tale ends happily with marriage and dowry, as novels and plays should end, it is not for that reason a fiction, but a true story of true love.

ERNEST RENAN AT HOME.

THE Paris Directory apprised me that M. Renan's town-residence was "Rue Vanneau, No. 29," and I directed my steps accordingly up those long, discouragingly straight and narrow streets, which lead one from the Seine into the heart of the aristocratic Faubourg St.-Germain. Rue Vanneau I found to be a long, modest, rather quiet thoroughfare, here and there a shop, but the houses being mostly private residences. Arrived at No. 29, I found it to be a plain building, bearing no external signs of being the residence of genius; furnished simply, with a very diminutive garden at the back. A sprightly *bonne* answered my ring, and, on inquiry, I was told that M. Renan was probably at the Institute. So back I trudged through the somewhat gloomy faubourg to the Seine again.

Every one who has been in Paris must call to mind the high, narrowish, musty-looking dome which rises from the centre of the dark semicircular edifice whereon, if one approaches near enough to it, may be read the words "Institut de France." If mistake not, it has an historical significance, from having been once the residence of Cardinal Mazarin, the ill-favored, miserly, and crafty spouse of Anne of Austria, and is still sometimes called the "Palais Mazarin." Musty and gloomy as it is, the occupant of the stately Tuileries has long craved a formal admission to it—in vain; for there meets the famous Académie Française, founded by Richelieu, and including for centuries, as its members, the most illustrious *littérati* of the land. The other academies which, together, form the confederation of *savants*, called the Institut, have lodgments there; and it is thither you must resort, if you would catch a glimpse of the literary magnates of France. Passing through the arch beneath the dome, one emerges upon an airy quadrangle, with doors on either side leading to the various apartments provided for the academies. One on the left conducts to the general hall of the Institut, which is reached by a broad flight of steps—where one might imagine still he saw the parasites of the cardinal-regent ascending and descending—and by a long-pillared corridor, with seats at intervals behind the pillars.

I had just reached the landing at the head of the staircase, and was trying to see if I could recognize, from having long gazed in the windows of the photographers, any of the illustrious *littérati* of the Institut, among these bustling, bareheaded gentlemen, who were hurrying with papers and manuscripts to and fro; wondering whether this might not be Feuilleton, that Michelet, or the other Prevost-Paradol, when a dapper little man, with a pleasant face, and with his hands full

of revised proofs, came to the door. I immediately knew him to be the famous author of the "*Vie de Jésus*;" for the Parisian photographers had exactly caught his expression and every-day *pose*, and portraits of him were then as plenteous in the shop-windows of the Rue de Rivoli arcades, as those of the emperor and of Patti.

Renan is short, and what, in our American slang, we would call "dumpy." Wide and high shoulders, a short neck, and a large, round head, give him a peculiar *squat* appearance. Whether it was his early education, or whether a quite natural appearance, it struck me at once how very like a typical French *priest* he was. His countenance is shrewd and suave, his motions smooth and gliding, his air dogmatic and positive. His small, rather dullish eyes light up almost brilliantly when he speaks, and he talks with an ease, a smoothness, an elegance, yet with a certain force, which are exactly reflected in his

writings. His hair, which is thinnish on the crown (thus somewhat heightening, by the appearance of a shaved crown, his resemblance to the priests, whom he detests), is of a dull red, and cut rather close; his nose is prominent and thick; his lips thin; his mouth rather strong and forcible, than refined. You would know at once that he was not of aristocratic origin; yet in this particular his personal appearance is belied by his manner, which is as polished, as Frenchy, as suave, as that of any man I ever met. Meeting him on the street, you would pass him by as one of the most ordinary-looking of mortals; the negligence of his dress would give one the impression that he was rather a needy shopkeeper than a wealthy and suc-



ERNEST RENAN.

cessful man of letters. But, seeing him and hearing him talk, with a grace alike of manner and of language which is nothing less than exquisite, one no longer marvels at the intellectual power and fine diction which have given him a place in the front rank of modern French writers. He received me with that easy courtesy which distinguishes almost every French writer, and, leading me to one of the seats in the pillared corridor, he commenced chatting pleasantly on a great variety of topics, from the state of politics and religion in America to the subject of his forthcoming "*Life of St. Paul*." Finding that the subject of my errand needed more elaboration than could be given to it at the Institut, he gave me his country address, and invited me out on the following Sunday.

Only those who have taken a carriage by the day, and have ridden leisurely out through Meudon, Sèvres, St. Cloud, and Versailles, know how exceedingly beautiful are these suburban homes of the wealthy Parisians. Sèvres, or rather its neighborhood, on the hills above the rather ugly little town itself, is perhaps the most beautiful of all in the bountifulness of Nature, and the tastefulness with which, as seen in the parks and châteaux, art has adorned it.

Taking the train at the Mont-Parnasse station, you glide out through a pretty and fast-thickening suburb, and it is not long ere you begin to see on every side the neat cottages and more obtrusive châteaux of the wealthy of Paris. Anon looms up, bold and distinct, on the crest of a high terrace, the Palace of Meudon, Prince Napoleon's country-seat; and, a few minutes after, you stop at the pretty little station of Sèvres, on the ridge of a hill, from whence you look down upon an umbrageous and smiling valley, in the midst of which is the snug little porcelain-painting town itself. Hence you emerge at once into cosy-shaded lanes, and quiet country-streets, with their blooming, perhaps too precise gardens, and verandas and cupolas attached to the cottages.

Renan lives in a rather plain, very neat and airy habitation, standing on a newly-built little street, with a thought of lawn between it and the road, flower-gardens and plots of grass at the back. The air of retirement was very marked about the place; quiet and shady and snug, it was just the spot for undisturbable contemplation and study. The philosopher could promenade at will among these shady lanes and roads, had the *entrée* to a neighboring park, by a little private gate, and there, he said, he took long wandering walks on Sunday, where he might muse, uninterrupted by any other sounds than those of birds and crickets and the rustling of leaves. Renan, having been a great traveller, chose this pleasant, secluded spot as a permanent home, prone to spend the remainder of his life in quiet, hard by Paris, surrounded by his family. He was in the garden with his family and some friends, when I reached his gate; on seeing me, he ran toward me with almost boyish agility, followed by a large dog, which he caressed as he ran. He had been playing with the children, and excused the informality of his reception; and, having presented me to Madame Renan (a daughter of Henri Scheffer, the painter), led me to a little summer-house, at the rear end of the garden, which, he said, was his "favorite study." Here the morning passed quickly in conversation on business and general topics. Renan seemed greatly pleased to learn how extensively the "*Vie de Jésus*" had been read and discussed in America; and asked what the critics had said about it. He talked of the attacks which had been made upon him by the French ultramontanists and the English orthodox, but had no fear that those who read him intelligently would misapprehend his meaning. He considered it his duty to discredit the "superstitions" in the legends of the Church, and to demolish the "historical falsities" upon which many of its dogmas rested; he worked conscientiously to establish historical truth in the events of the Biblical period, and stated nothing without intense caution in the consultation of his authorities, and presenting the argument on which he relied. He was very sanguine that his "Saint Paul" would attract as much attention as the "*Vie de Jésus*," and would confirm the philosophical doctrines he had already developed. Passing to political topics, he expressed a great admiration for the manner in which the North had conquered the rebellion, giving me to understand, however, that, in ignorance of the details of the cause of quarrel, he had been somewhat inclined to sympathize with the South. He was glad that the conquest of slavery was at last complete. He had studied America in a philosophical spirit, and thought our progress an example to all nations; but it was quite clear to me that he did not look on our republicanism as an example to be followed by France. I knew that Renan had formerly been strongly inclined to imperialism, but, from what he now said, I gathered that he was no longer an enthusiastic friend of the empire. It has been hinted that Renan has become estranged by imagined slights, on the part of Napoleon III., whom he was wont formerly to visit on terms of intimacy, but who has not distinguished him in a manner which so eminent a literary supporter was perhaps entitled to expect. At all events, he seemed distrustful of the future, and evidently felt strongly on the press prosecutions and other imperial oppressions. He is now understood to belong to that intellectual coterie which gathers ever and anon about Prince Napoleon, at the Palais Royal, among whom was Sainte-Beuve, and is Emile de Girardin—free-thinkers, liberals, and critics.

Of America, Renan said: "We need a book, written by an American, about America. We want that intimate information which only a countryman can give. There is no subject on which it is more important for us to be informed; politics and the philosophy of history should henceforth repose upon a profound knowledge of your country."

Renan, like the French Constitutionals, of whom, possibly, he may be counted as one, is very earnest in desiring that there should

be a close alliance between France and England. He applauds the Cobden Treaty, and has a great admiration for the English system of government.

I left him greatly impressed with his familiar knowledge on many topics, but more than all with the eloquent volubility and quickness of ideas with which he conversed. Yet he was not, like many men of brains, anxious to monopolize the conversation, but heard what was said to him with evidently sincere attention, and, although differing strongly often, conveyed his opposite opinion with a delicacy and courteous tact which was charming. He put one at his ease in a moment, and often expressed his gratification to hear details about American life.

Ernest Renan is in his forty-seventh year, having been born at Tréguier, in Brittany, in 1823. Few lives have been more eventful, in a literary sphere. His parents destined him for the priesthood; quick to learn, and fond of study, the clerical profession seemed the best adapted to his bent. But he was destined to become the most formidable foe of the Ultramontane Church of his age. He went to Paris when very young, to study; when he had completed, with great rapidity, the regular classical course, he was selected to enter that famous nursery of embryo priests, the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice. He continued here to be a diligent and ambitious scholar, seizing with avidity upon the most difficult and abstruse sciences, especially the science of the Oriental tongues. More rapidly than his instructors desired, he mastered Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac; meanwhile, the independent tone of his mind, and the vigor of his thought, made him first an object of distrust, then totally unfitted him for the discipline to which the French priest must be subjected. He quitted the seminary after giving his teachers more than one inkling of his tendencies, pursued an independent course of study, and began already to find himself drifting far away from the traditions and spirit of the Romish Church. When he was twenty-five, he entered into competition for the Volney prize, which he carried off by an essay on the history and comparative system of the Semitic languages. A work, written three years before, was now crowned by the Institute—on "The Study of the Greek Language in the Middle Ages." The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, recognizing his marvellous philological talents and his philosophical tastes, sent him, in 1849, on a literary mission to Italy; two years after, he received an appointment in the manuscript department of the Imperial Library; and, in 1856, was honored by an election as member of the Academy of Inscriptions in place of Augustin Thierry, thus becoming one of the colleagues of the famous Institute of France. Still pursuing, with increased ardor, his studies, with a view to a literary career, he went, in 1860, on a mission to Syria. He seized this occasion to travel in the Holy Land, visiting Jerusalem and its sacred neighborhood, and collecting information which, applied to his literary labors, resulted in "The Life of Jesus." On his return, he set about that work, meanwhile receiving the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and declining an appointment as Professor of Hebrew. The "*Vie de Jésus*" appeared in 1863, and the sensation which it created in nearly every civilized country is doubtless still remembered by most of my readers. It caused a great revival in biblical discussion and theological controversy, and may be said to have brought about a new era in religious literature. It has passed through thirteen large editions in France, and probably as many in England and the United States. The success of this first great work inspired Renan to further efforts in the endeavor to illustrate and justify the independent views which he took of New-Testament history. Meanwhile he did not neglect other topics which had engaged his philosophical and philological studies. He wrote frequent articles in the *Journal des Débats*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, and other liberally-inclined periodicals. Few writers have been so prolific, or compressed a greater amount of substantial work into so brief a period. Since the "*Vie de Jésus*," he has published "*Études d'Histoire Religieuse*," "*Le Livre de Job*," "*Cantique des Cantiques*"—the last two translations—"Lettre à mes Collègues," "*Mission de Phénicie*," and "*Trois Inscriptions Phéniciennes*," "*Questions Contemporaines*," and "*Vie de St.-Paul*" (lately issued). All of his books have passed through many editions, and have sustained the reputation of the first; and, in purity, elegance, and force of diction, probably no French contemporary writer is his superior, unless, indeed, it were Sainte-Beuve.

It is understood that M. Renan proposes to follow up "The Life of St. Paul" by biographies of the other Apostles, thus completing a general work on the whole of the New-Testament history. The time

is near when the French Church will undergo a great crisis; when the bonds between her and the dominant See of Rome must be either tightened or altogether severed. The premonition of an approaching storm has startled all the Catholic world of Europe in the rebellion of Father Hyacinthe. Renan, bold, logical, and self-confident, is certain to take a leading, perhaps the leading, part on the anti-papist side in the approaching conflict.

TABLE-TALK.

A NEW American comedy, recently produced in this city, exhibited, with considerable sprightliness in the dialogue, and no little cleverness in a few of the situations, such an utter lack of unity, of coherence, of artistic construction, that it seemed a mere succession of scenes, any one of which might have commenced or ended the story. Its untruthfulness as a picture of American manners was also one of its glaring defects; but for the present we wish to speak only of the want of *art* which its construction displayed, and which we believe to be the conspicuous weakness of American literature. This defect exists in nearly every branch of our national literature, but it is more evident in dramatic productions, principally, no doubt, because art is more imperative in a play than in any thing else. A novel may be badly put together, but pleasing characters, happy descriptions, vigorous style, will carry the reader easily along. An essay may be awkwardly constructed, but the interest of the thought or vividness of the language will disarm the critic's judgment. In poetry, art is indispensable, but the defect of which we complain is less apparent in American verse than elsewhere. Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and even many of the younger poets, are masters of versification; they have law as well as inspiration, deft and subtle method as well as ideas. In the earlier period of our literary history there was art in our novels. It is true it was borrowed; but art is always a growth, drawing its laws from all known sources. Fenimore Cooper's romances were constructed according to rigid methods. They opened very clumsily, often, but they began at the beginning, and proceeded regularly, steadily, consecutively, on to the climax. If the movement was slow at first, it soon gained volume and force, like a stream gathering in as it advances a thousand minor currents, until at last, broad, deep, resistless, it sweeps to the sea. But now our novels seem without method. They begin anywhere, and end as it may please chance. They are full of blind alleys, leading nowhere. They have characters and incidents sprinkled over them without reference to unity of plan or consummation of the story. Their characters come and go awkwardly; their incidents are strained and improbable. An ill-concocted story is simply made the vehicle for advancing a few pet theories, or the means of introducing pictures of certain forms of life. No American novel of recent issue is artistically put together. However excellent books like "Oldtown Folks" or "Norwood" may be as agreeable delineations of social manners, as novels they are hopelessly clumsy. This defect is almost national; and in dramatic literature it is so apparent as to render American plays mere bewildering tissues of inconsequent incidents, bearing about the same relation to true art that a Chinese painting does. There is in comedies like those of Robertson an indescribable skill in the construction which ordinary people have no conception of, and our writers barely guess at. One should see "Surf," the American comedy at the Fifth Avenue, and compare it with "Ours," now on the Wallack boards, to realize the difference between the perfect skill of an accomplished workman and the raw effort of an untrained amateur. Olive Logan, who is the author of "Surf," has wit, cleverness, and some knowledge of the stage; but so slight is her knowledge of art, so dull is her perception of law in literature, that she throws together a succession of scenes in the same manner a Chinese paints a fan—without perspective, without arrangement, without atmosphere, without unity, without proper relation of parts, without coherence or sanity. But she has not differed much from her predecessors. Those who can recollect the attempts at American comedy must recall a fearful catalogue of almost imbecile attempts to delineate American life and manners. Among these have been many plays with no little literary cleverness, but not one, since our history began, into which has entered the deft skill of an artist.

—A clergyman writes to the *New-York Observer* urging a change in the hours of attendance at schools and churches on Sun-

day. Men, he claims, should sleep an hour or two later on Sunday than on any other day of the week, in order that they may rise strengthened and refreshed, with the week's work well slept out of their bodies and minds, and thus be prepared to enter upon the duties of the day with spiritual zest. He suggests ten o'clock as the hour for Sunday-school, and twelve for that of morning worship. "If the Sunday-school be at ten o'clock, parents, as well as children, can attend it, and the parents will find, as now they seldom can, the opportunity of obeying that Scripture injunction, 'Ye ought to be teachers.' As at present, we fear there is much flurry in the domestic administration, if not in the domestic temper, in getting children through the water, the linen, the brush, the breakfast, and the prayers, in time for a nine-o'clock Sunday-school. And, if accomplished, the results, at home at least, are not always of the most tranquillizing character." This suggestion, it may be noted, comes from an Episcopal clergyman and seems somewhat surprising, in view of the movement among the ritualists to imitate the worshippers of the Roman Catholic Church, in gathering for a very early morning service. But there is good sense in many of the arguments of the reverend gentleman that may be applied to other days than Sundays. There is no greater delusion than that which imagines early rising important for health; no greater error than that which places it among the virtues. While early rising has been sung in poetry and advocated in proverbs from time immemorial, it has been secretly and rightfully cursed by its unhappy victims ever since civilization conceived the idea of comfort. But we are all so bound by the law of custom, so endeared to a proverb or a musty sentiment, that our lips continually give faint assent to the value of early rising, even while we long at heart to resist the tyranny which imposes it upon us. What a frightful aggregate of discomforts accumulate upon a man who practises it through life—who every day is ushered from sleep into the raw, blank, chill, dull atmosphere of early morning, and begins his day's existence before the sun has dispelled the fogs, dried up the vapors, warmed the air, and made ready, like Nature's great servant-of-all-work, as it is, the earth for our use! Early rising means a hurried dressing in a dim, half-lighted room—a sleepy, yawning, stumbling descent down dark, cold stairways—a rapid breakfast in a gray, cheerless, sunless room, while cold shivers run down the back, and a sensation of *edginess* creeps over the entire body—and then a precipitate plunge into the mists, and vapors, and general rawness of the streets. There is no sweetness in the day begun in this way, and no health either. The sun should be up before us to give us light, and warmth, and comfort; our breakfast-rooms should be cheerful with his beams, and our breakfasts should be partaken with the ease, the comfort, the deliberation, the social enjoyment, that can come only when we rise at a rational hour. A breakfast eaten by candlelight, or snatched in the gray, chilling dawn, is an abomination. Early rising, hence, opens the day with keen discomforts. It is productive of numerous social ills; it sours the stomach, promotes irritability, disorganizes the nerves, creates bad temper, and makes of domestic bliss a mockery. A voyager, long suffering from sea-sickness, declared that, if once on land again, he would devote the rest of his life to hunting up and flogging the man who wrote

"A life on the ocean-wave."

Similar sentiments animate our heart when we recall that ancient distich, "Early to bed and early to rise"—but it is not necessary to quote what we all know and have suffered from.

—While the errors and abuses of municipal rule continue a subject of ceaseless discussion in New York, it may gratify us a little, inasmuch as misery loves company, to learn that multitudes of complaints about metropolitan misrule now agitate and occupy the people of London. The last *Macmillan* has a paper, from Thomas Hughes, on "The Anarchy of London," and from this we learn something of the disorders that pertain to that metropolis. As London has absorbed within its metropolitan limits numerous parishes, each of which has a distinct local government, a confusion has ensued of the direst kind. "If any one look at the state of things in the metropolis," says Mr. Hughes—

"he will discover, not without something like a gasp of surprise, and one would hope of indignation, that this, the largest and richest collection of human beings that has ever come together on the face of this globe, has really no government at all, but is handed over as a battleground for two medieval corporations, a modern Board of Works, the Commissioners of Police, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the

Poor-Law Board, the registrar-general, thirty-nine vestries, and at least a score of private trading companies. The results are imbecile confusion, and taxation as capricious as it is extravagant; a revenue equal to that of many kingdoms, collected by a dozen different authorities, under no man knows what, or how many, acts of Parliament, and expended without any efficient control of those who contribute to it. 'I have not the faintest idea,' says Mr. Buxton in a letter to the Hon. Mr. Brice, 'when I pay my rates (which I seem to be always doing), who those are by whom I am governed; how or why they are chosen to govern me; on what grounds they have imposed on me this expenditure; or whether it is or is not a reasonable and wise one. The system has no real publicity. It is worked almost in the dark.'

We know in New York what it is to have a confusion of authority, but not quite to this extent. Between a corporation with limited authority, a mayor with no authority, a police with boundless authority, and commissions with very indefinite authority, some of whom originate in the charter and some by State laws, some owning a responsibility to the governor, some to the party that elects them, and some to no one or any thing—between all these various forms and shows of government we have an abundance of taxes, a great deal of vexatious authority, and very little executive performance. All this, however, has been said again and again. Why, then, do we repeat it? Because we doubt whether the proper remedy has ever been suggested. This, it seems to us, is the concentration of authority and responsibility into the hands of one compact, definite power. An elective judiciary has been one of the most distrusted and condemned forms of popular sovereignty. And yet, if we look at its working in this State, we will find that its evils have been apparent in the lower courts only. The judges of the Court of Appeals stand as high to-day as they did under the old system. At the last election to fill a vacancy on this bench, the candidates of both parties were confessed on all sides to be preëminently fit and proper men for the office. We usually get good mayors, good governors, and good incumbents, for all offices that are sufficiently elevated and dignified. We also, even in our municipal concerns, secure efficiency by placing special matters in the hands of commissioners. Now let us do away with the ward system, with all its opportunities for small politicians to manipulate nominations, and place our city government in the hands of a few men who shall be elected at large, who shall be vested with all power for a proper administration of affairs, who shall be directly and definitely responsible for all misrule, and who shall have liberal emoluments of office. The natural operation of such a system would be to throw government into the hands of men conspicuous for ability. Centralize responsibility, and elevate our offices; make municipal position one of honor and recognized authority; remove all diffusion and confusion of power—and good government, we are convinced, will follow naturally, certainly, and speedily. We shall never improve matters by changing from Democratic office-holders to Republican office-holders, from one party to another; we must change our *methods*.

Our readers have probably already heard of the munificent projects of Mr. Lenox, of this city, in the founding of a grand, free public library, and the erection of a city hospital. Mr. Lenox has given an entire square, near Seventy-fifth Street, facing Central Park, and intends to erect thereon, at his own expense, a suitable building for a library, at the cost of half a million dollars. He also will give his own private collection of books, considered the largest and most valuable in the country, as a nucleus for the library, and will add to the gift his numerous paintings and statuary. In addition to this, he is quietly building a city hospital, which, in due time, will be surrendered into proper hands for the benefit of the public. Mr. Lenox's large and munificent scheme needs no eloquent exposition. It tells its own admirable story sufficiently well. It is somewhat surprising that our age, usually stigmatized as exceptionally selfish, as demoralized and degraded, should be the first in which men of wealth should begin to realize their obligations to the public—should begin to feel that extreme wealth, attainable only in a society founded on peace, justice, and security, cannot be indifferent to that public welfare by which alone fortune and prosperity are possible. Accepting Mr. Lenox's generous largess with appreciation and with admiration, we yet experience a little disappointment that the plan had not included a great public art-gallery instead of a public library. A public library necessarily extends its beneficence only to the few. Mere circulating libraries promote only an acquaintance with popular literature, while libraries designed for the advancement of learning reach, as a rule, only the student class. It is not evident that the Astor Library

is insufficient in accommodation for scholars; it needs, it is true, a rather more liberal management, and a few endowments to enable its collection to keep up with the new issues of the press. But a public art-gallery is an instructor for all. Its influence extends to all classes; there are none too low to do it honor, none so ignorant it cannot reach and elevate them. It is, moreover, our crying public want. Books and libraries are not so rare but that all men can study; but great pictures are unknown to a vast majority of our people. Giving all honor to Mr. Lenox, and hailing his gift as a manifestation of public spirit which entitles him to the largest respect and appreciation, one cannot but hope that his successor in acts of public munificence, whoever he may prove to be, will consider the demands of a public art-gallery—such a gallery as can arise only at the command of individual wealth.

The *Graphic* informs us that "they don't keep Christmas-Day as a festival in the United States. New-Year's-Day is the true American occasion for jovial parties, junketings, and gift-making." As New-Year's-Day is not a general American festival, only a few of our cities observing it distinctly as a holiday, and as Christmas, in all the Southern section of the country, has always been celebrated as a festival as notably as in England, while, in the Western and Northern States, except New England (and even in New England now), Christmas has been the day for "gift-making and jovial parties," the discovery of the *Graphic* is rather surprising.

"After Dinner," the illustration on our first page, is engraved from a painting by Kraus, a young German painter, now resident at Berlin, who recently has been coming into notice. Kraus is distinguished as a colorist; but this great charm of his pictures is necessarily lost in an engraving. Very few pictures by this artist have yet reached this country, and there are now none, we believe, on exhibition at any of the galleries. The original of "After Dinner" is owned by a gentleman of this city.

Literary Notes.

OF "Guy Vernon," a new English novel by the Hon. Mrs. Woulfe, the London *Saturday Review* speaks as follows: "There is a wonderful class of novels which we cannot more fitly characterize than by describing them as a compound of finery and foulness; as one would say of a cart-load of trumpery gewgaws, artificial flowers, glittering bits of tin-foil, and the like, strewn over a mud-heap. The sentiments and ostensible motives influencing the characters are superfine to the last degree, but the groundwork supporting the whole will not bear analysis. Put the plot of one of these books into plain English, and see what it comes out—something so coarse and hateful that the boldest writer of the declared sensational school would scarcely deign to use it. If he did, however, his work would have this advantage over its finer rival, that it would be honest in its foulness; it would not present itself to the world as something beautiful and admirable, fit for seraphic beings to feed on; it would state its crimes broadly, and make them effective if revolting, but it would not drape ghoul in white muslin or sugar the top of its mud-pies. Here, in 'Guy Vernon,' is one of these horrible combinations of finery and foulness, these pretended pictures of human life which, we are thankful to say, are like nothing to be found on the face of the earth, from the north pole to the south. It is a book which includes bigamy (twice over), incest, illegitimacy, swindling, brutality in several forms, the introduction of an Anonyma, and a general atmosphere of loathsome rascality; but a book which contains also the tallest talk, the most gushing piety, the loveliest women, scamps and swindlers of more than mortal magnanimity, and penitents whose conversion is so graceful and well posed that they make inartistic virtue, which has no need of such fascinating humiliation, to look rude and vulgar. In fact, it contains any thing you like but truth, simplicity, or purity; which qualities, however, count to our mind for something in the construction of a novel."

"All the world and his wife," says the *Graphic*, "are of course full of one absorbing subject; that of Mr. Tennyson's new volume of poems. Wherever one goes, the same question is sure to be repeated, 'Have you read the "Holy Grail?"' I have the greatest admiration, nay, I may say veneration, for the genius of the Laureate. I know my Tennyson by heart; I appreciate (I hope) the melody of his rhythm, the harmony of his numbers, the beauty of his imagery, the majesty of his style, the purity of his thought; but at the same time may I be allowed to ask whether it is not flat blasphemy to hint that the British public are growing rather weary of King Arthur, his Round Table, his Guineveres and Galahads *e tutta la baracca*. I don't believe that King Arthur ever existed."

don't believe in Merlin, or Enid, or Elaine: why am I to be annoyed with extravagant myths—the more irritating for being involved in exquisitely beautiful language! Mr. Tennyson has thoughts which burn, and he can write words that breathe, and *vice versa*. Why does he not give us a poem the basis of which shall be a real human being, and not a fabulous abstraction?"

"Southland Writers" is a work, in two volumes, containing "biographical and critical sketches of the living female writers of the South, with extracts from their writings." The list of Southern writers which this work admits includes a great many names with which we are not familiar, and omits some of those with which Southern literature has been commonly identified, on the ground that the world already knows as much of them as the editor could tell. A work of this kind is necessarily a glorification. Its object is to gather the names of writers who have not become generally recognized, and to set forth their claims to public attention. Of course, there could not be much discrimination, and the obvious temptation was to render the collection as full as possible by including every name with the slightest claim to literary reputation. The work is valuable, as containing a great deal of matter pertaining to the war, and thereby showing the spirit that animated Southern writers during the dark days of the rebellion. The editor's labor seems to have been well done, and the work is handsomely gotten up. Claxton, Remsen & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

In referring to Dr. Bence Jones's "Life and Letters of Faraday," just published, the London *Athenaeum* says: "It would have been a matter of regret if the life of Faraday, one of the most able and persevering scientific men of any age, had not been written by a competent and careful hand; for in such a life there must necessarily be records of many steps of the highest importance in the progress of human knowledge," and adds, at the close of its review, that "Dr. Bence Jones has treated the matter before him very judiciously; allowing Faraday, in a great measure, to tell the story of his own life, but filling up the gaps, where necessary, with short fragments of narrative. He has been fortunate in obtaining a very considerable collection of Faraday's letters, which are interesting, not only for the scientific information they contain, but also from their genial spirit, and for the insight they give into the working of his mind. The few illustrations are such as the subject requires, and the public have reason to be well satisfied with the general arrangement of the book."

Mr. Frederick Saunders, author of many pleasant compilations, has recently appeared with a volume entitled "Evenings with the Sacred Poets: a Series of Quiet Talks about the Singers and their Songs." The design of this volume, the editor explains, "is to present, in the most compact form, the essence of all that is most interesting in anecdote and historical illustration referring to the sacred poetry and hymnology of the Christian ages." Mr. Saunders divides his work into "Ten Evenings," beginning, in the first, with "Biblical, Greek, and early Latin Sacred Poetry," and ending with "Modern English and American." The selections from the poets during this long period are accompanied by interesting and suitable comments, and altogether the volume affords a very good general survey of what has been done in the way of sacred poetry during the Christian era. Messrs. Randolph & Co., New York, are the publishers.

One of the choicest and most valuable of the books issued for the last holiday season—but which is valuable at all times—was "Episodes of Fiction, or Choice Stories from the Great Novelists, with Biographical Introductions." As an introduction to a popular branch of literature, this book renders an important service. The authors from whom it quotes are principally the older novelists, the list beginning with De Foe, and coming down as late as Godwin, Gerald Griffin, and Miss Landon. The biographical notices that preface each selection are well done, and the selections themselves not only of interest—they are usually complete episodes—but valuable as examples of "pure English undefiled." Our literature affords no better models for style than many of the authors quoted from in this volume. The work is well illustrated, and superbly printed.

Miscellany.

Left-hand Gloves.

WE glean, from "Pictures of Hungarian Life," the following amusing sketch of a Pesh glove-maker: "We had been purchasing some gloves, one morning, in the Schlengengasse, when the shopman, a Jew, producing a packet which he proceeded to open, asked if he could not tempt us to make a capital bargain. 'I could sell you these so cheap,' he said, 'if you were only fortunate enough to want one glove instead of two, for they are all for one hand; but I see, alas! that, like so many others to whom I have offered them, you are none of you waimed.'

"That is a singular cause for regret, certainly; but what in the name of folly ever induced you to enter into such a sinister speculation! Why did you make a lot of odd gloves?"

"It was not I, gracious sir, who made them odd. I made them even enough; it was a *bizarre* countryman of yours, a milord Anglais, who deprived these gloves of their better halves."

"No doubt an officer, who had honorably earned an empty sleeve."

"Not he, gracious sir; he was too indolent to have got himself into that scrape. He had two hands, and very fine and white they were, just such as a milord's should be; and he wore a magnificent diamond-ring on the fourth finger of his left hand—thunder and lightning! what a ring that was! Now, whether it was to show the hand, or to show the ring, or because, as he said, it was quite trouble enough to put on one glove, he never wore one on that hand, and, whenever he supplied himself, it was his custom to tear off the left hands and leave them on the counter, and, of course, I collected them, for you never know how a thing may come in. Now, gracious sir, isn't it heart-breaking to see such beautiful gloves as these all wasted?"

"Why don't you get right hands made to them?"

"Can't, sir; they won't do any thing out of the usual way, and would charge me just the same for the odd gloves as for pairs."

"But you have been paid for them?"

"Oh, yes; but I should like to turn such an opportunity to account if I could, and there must be lots of people, if one could only meet with them, who would be glad to take them off my hands—"

"And put them on their own? No doubt; now we can perhaps put you in the way of doing a little business; that is, we could have done so had we known of this singular story yesterday—only yesterday! There was a gentleman dining at the Redoute, at the next table to ours, who ate his dinner with the help of his left hand only."

"You don't say so? Dear me! Do you think, gracious sir, he will dine there again to-day?"

"Can't imagine; but, even if he did, it would be a somewhat delicate matter to introduce to a stranger; challenges have been known to arise out of much slighter causes of offence."

"Well, perhaps that would be hardly worth while; though, after all, you would have by much the advantage, having two hands to his one."

"Thank you; we are none of us pugnaciously disposed, even under the promising circumstances you point out."

"Suppose I went there myself, or, better still, that I inquired of the waiter where this one-handed gentleman lived?"

"That seems the most sensible idea that has occurred to you yet; and you might perhaps thus succeed in ridding yourself of the five-fingered phantoms which appear to haunt your repose."

"Depend upon it, now your graciousness has put me on the track, I shall follow up the game; in the mean time, I thank you, and I kiss your hands."

"So we turned on our way, hoping that the interview might result in rescuing the unfortunate glove-seller from an impending monomania; here was certainly an instance of what Kingsley calls 'the left-handedness of human affairs.'"

Plan for a Sensational Novel.

Jane Austen, we learn from the recently-published Memoir, by her nephew, Mr. Austen-Leigh, was pestered a little by a set of advisers and critics, who were continually irritating her as to the sort of novel she ought to write; and, in a satirical humor, she drew up a sketch of a novel which she presumed would suit these literary counsellors: "Book to open with father and daughter conversing in long speeches, elegant language, and a tone of high, serious sentiment. The father induced, at his daughter's earnest request, to relate to her the past events of his life. Narrative to reach through the greater part of the first volume—as, besides all the circumstances of his attachment to her mother, and their marriage, it will comprehend his going to sea as chaplain to a distinguished naval character about the court, and his going afterward to court himself, which involved him in many interesting situations, concluding with his opinion of the benefits of tithes being done away with. . . . From this outset the story will proceed, and contain a striking variety of adventures. Father an exemplary parish-priest, and devoted to literature; but heroine and father never above a fortnight in one place: he being driven from his curacy by the vile arts of some totally unprincipled and heartless young man, desperately in love with the heroine, and pursuing her with unrelenting passion. No sooner settled in one country of Europe, than they are compelled to quit it, and retire to another, always making new acquaintance, and always obliged to leave them. This will, of course, exhibit a wide variety of character. The scene will be forever shifting from one set of people to another; but there will be no mixture; all the good will be unexceptionable in every respect. There will be no foibles or weaknesses but with the wicked, who will be completely depraved and infamous, hardly a resemblance of humanity left in them. Early in her career, the heroine must meet with the hero—all perfection, of course, and only pre-

vented from paying his addresses to her by some excess of refinement. Wherever she goes, somebody falls in love with her, and she receives repeated offers of marriage, which she refers wholly to her father, exceedingly angry that *he* should not be the first applied to. Often carried away by the anti-hero, but rescued either by her father or the hero. Often reduced to support herself and her father by her talents, and work for her bread; continually cheated and defrauded of her hire; worn down to a skeleton, and now and then starved to death. At last, hunted out of civilized society, denied the poor shelter of the humblest cottage, they are compelled to retreat into Kamtschatka, where the poor father, quite worn down, finding his end approaching, throws himself on the ground, and, after four or five hours of tender advice and parental admonition to his miserable child, expires in a fine burst of literary enthusiasm, intermingled with invectives against the holders of tithes."

Nothing Wasted.

"Mr. Mill and other thoughtful men," says *Chambers's Journal*, "are cautioning us that, as our stock of coal cannot last forever, we should do well to utilize the thirty million tons of small coal and dust which is allowed to go nearly to waste annually at the pit's mouth; and attention is drawn to what Belgium is doing in this matter. Near Charleroi, eight hundred thousand tons of coal-dust had accumulated, a burden to the colliery-owners and an injury to the health of the work-people. Whereupon a company was formed expressly to utilize this refuse. The coal-dust is sifted, mixed with eight per cent. of coal-tar, heated to a paste by steam at a temperature of three hundred degrees, and pressed into blocks and cylinders about twenty pounds' weight. These blocks form excellent fuel for locomotives and steamboats, productive of great heat and very little ash. In various foreign countries where paving-stone is scarce, the slag from iron-furnaces is brought into use, by being run into pits eight or nine feet in diameter, and cooled into slabs for paving. The cuttings of tin-plate, and worn-out tin kettles and saucepans, are subjected to processes which yield pure tin, good weldable iron, ammonia, Prussian-blue, and stannate of sodium; and as the make of tin-plate in England and Wales amounts to more than half a million tons annually, there must be a very large store of material available in the old tin-plate which is replaced by the new. The waste flux, such as borax, used in galvanizing metals, finds a ready market among refiners, and for making paint."

Coffee-house Attractions in 1760.

The great attraction of Don Saltero's coffee-house in London was its collection of rarities, a catalogue of which was published as a guide to the visitors. It comprehends almost every description of curiosity, natural and artificial: "Tigers' tusks; the pope's candle; the skeleton of a Guinea-pig; a fly-cap monkey; a piece of the true cross; the four Evangelists' heads cut on a cherry-stone; the King of Morocco's tobacco-pipe; Mary Queen of Scots' pin-cushion; Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book; a pair of Nun's stockings; Job's ears, which grew on a tree; a frog in a tobacco-stopper;" and five hundred more odd relics. The Don had a rival, as appears by "A Catalogue of the Rarities to be seen at Adams's, at the Royal Swan, in Kingsland Road, leading from Shoreditch Church, 1756." Mr. Adams exhibited, for the entertainment of the curious: "Miss Jenny Cameron's shoes; Adam's eldest daughter's hat; the heart of the famous Bess Adams, that was hanged at Tyburn with Lawyer Carr, January 18, 1736-'37; Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-pipe; Vicar of Bray's clogs; engine to shell green peas with; teeth that grew in a fish's belly; Black Jack's ribs; the very comb that Abraham combed his son Isaac and Jacob's head with; Wat Tyler's spurs; rope that cured Captain Lowry of the head-ach, ear-ach, tooth-ach, and belly-ach; Adam's key of the fore and back door of the garden of Eden," etc., etc. These are only a few out of five hundred others equally marvellous.

The Art of making Gongs.

None but Chinamen could heretofore make gongs to perfection. It used to be supposed that they possessed the secret of mixing the alloy of which the clamorous instruments are formed, or else some means of tempering the metal to allow of its being beaten into shape, and afterward hardened to a sonorous density. For a genuine gong is brittle; it will crack if struck with a hard substance; and yet it bears hammer-marks all over it. We do not know whether English musical-instrument makers have not supplied gongs because there is no demand for them, or because they could not make them. But, if the latter, there need no longer be a scarcity in the market; for a French metallurgist has been experimenting upon gong and cymbal metals, and has revealed the Chinese secret, if secret it has been. The nature of the alloy has long been known; it consists of eighty parts of copper to twenty of tin. But the shaping; attempt to beat this compound into a dish-form, and it flies like porcelain. The trick lies in first heating it, and hammering it while at a dull red-heat; it is then malleable as soft iron; allow it to cool, and it relapses into friability. The making of a gong must be

t tedious work, though; for the thin metal will soon cool, and there must be incessant reheatings. A barbarian's patience must be required for the task. Perhaps it is the labor thus spent upon gongs that renders them so expensive.

Remarkable Instance of Fortitude.

Mr. Hayward's account of the Turki rebellion against the Chinese dominion in 1863, gives a remarkable instance of resolute self-sacrifice. The Chinese garrison was shut up in the fort of Yarkand, and for forty days besieged by the Turki army; the only terms offered were that all should embrace Islam. The old Amban—the Chinese Viceroy of Turkestan—summoned his officers to a council, held in an upper room, the lower room was piled with barrels of gunpowder, with a train leading from beneath the chair of state. The officers assembled, wrangling about the probable ransom that would be taken. The Amban's sons moved among them, offering tea and sweetmeats, his daughters knelt weeping by his side, he himself sat calmly smoking his long pipe. Suddenly cannon-shots were heard, and the shouts of "Allah Akhbar" announced the advance of the enemy to storm. A hint of the Amban's resolution spread among the assembly; amid the confusion he spoke a short farewell, and, calmly turning his pipe-bowl, shed the embers on the train—and all was over.

A Highlander's Adjuration.

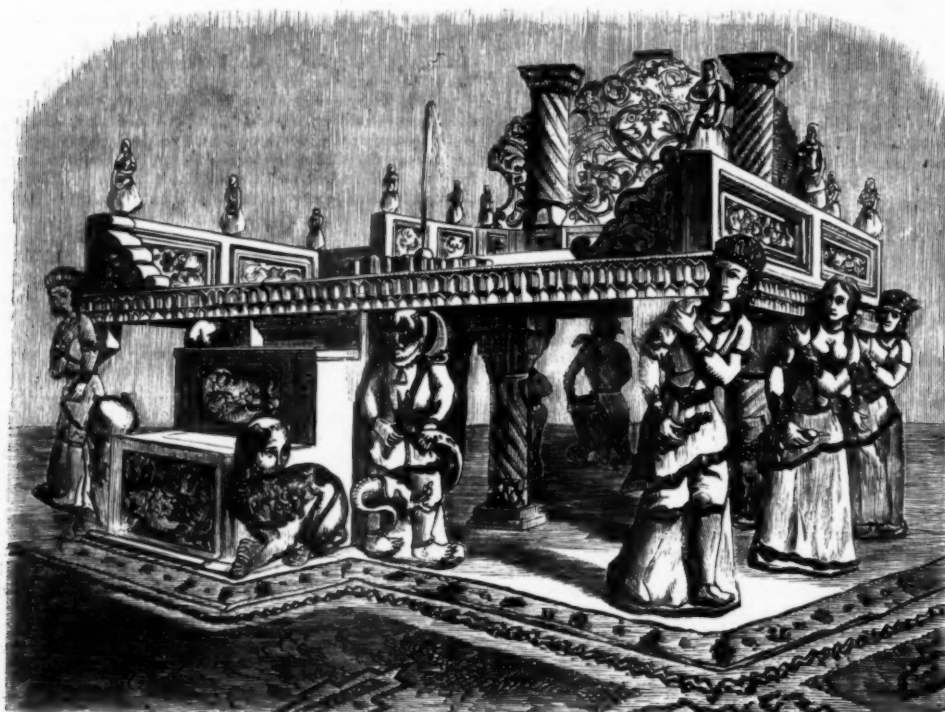
The following story, current in the Western Highlands of Scotland, well illustrates the popular belief in the power of "MacCallum More," the Duke of Argyll: A Highlander was benighted on the moors, when suddenly he saw a light, which at first he imagined to be one of those two stars called by the Argylishmen *ten-thena*, "fiery-tail," and *isul-oiche*, "guide of night." But he soon found that he was mistaken; for the light began to dance before him, being nothing more than the *ignis fatuus*, will-o'-the-wisp. The Highlander, however, concluded it to be a bogle; and, falling upon his knees, he prayed to Peter and Paul and the Virgin that it might disappear. But, instead of doing so, it danced before him in a more lively style than ever. Driven to an extremity, the Highlander then used to it the strongest form of adjuration of which he could think, and bade it get out of his path in the name of the Duke of Argyll. The charm was effectual; the bogle instantly disappeared, and the Highlander got safely home.

The Museum.

PERSIA seems to have always been the country of pompous monarchies. To-day, although greatly fallen from its ancient splendor, it still concentrates its riches around the throne. Chardin, who visited Persia in the time of Louis XIV., in describing the wonders of Ispahan, says that the chamber of state was built in the central portion of the royal residence, which, with its gardens and various structures, covered an area of not less than one and a half leagues in circumference. This building was isolated in a central garden, and was divided into one large hall, with three smaller halls or chambers in the rear, in one of which was the throne. It was placed in the centre of the room, and was of such a height that the monarch could see the crowd of his subjects admitted into the principal chamber. The walls of the edifice were covered, in the interior, one-half of the distance to the ceiling, with white marble, painted or gilt, while the space above was filled with windows, the glass being of various colors. The throne was in the form of a bed, square and very low, covered with cloth embroidered with pearls, and was placed on a platform some three or four feet high, and twenty-four by thirty-six feet square. There the monarch sat, in the manner of the Orientals, with his back and arms supported by cushions, under a canopy, the two front uprights of which were surmounted by a large apple of pure gold. Behind the shah stood four or five young slaves, the handsomest of the palace. When the throne, being too much exposed to the attacks of usurpers, was transported to Teheran, the present capital of Persia, some slight modifications were made in the ceremonies observed at receptions, which tended to remove the person of the sovereign still further from the people, and to add to the theatrical pomp by which he was surrounded. Jaubert saw, in our time, Feti-Ali-Shah seated on a terrace, some eight or ten feet high, in the form of a stage, at the farther end of a hall ornamented, like those of the palace of Ispahan, with arabesques and inscriptions in gold on a ground of white cloth, while the floor of the audience-chamber was covered with a cashmere carpet as rich and as fine as the most beautiful shawls worn by our ladies. The throne, with its white-satin cover and cushions embroidered with pearls, was supported by four columns inlaid with enamel and gold. The light entered from the rear through colored glass, passed over thousands of precious stones, and was reflected in a peculiar manner, behind the head of the shah, by an image of the sun formed exclusively of diamonds. The monarch wore a robe of white silk, bordered with precious stones, and a girdle of large pearls that

passed twice round his body. He also wore bracelets set with diamonds, some of which were of immense value. Finally, his belt, sabre, and poniard, were similarly ornamented. This profusion of jewels is a char-

acteristic of Oriental society, where the instability of affairs prompts the possessors of fortunes to invest their wealth in such manner as to enable them most easily to secure it against public and private rapacity.



Throne of the Shah of Persia.

CONTENTS OF NO. 46, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| "AFTER DINNER." (Illustration.) From a Painting by F. Kraus. | 169 | INSTITUTIONS FOR IDIOTS. (Illustrated.) By Edward Seguin, M. D. | 182 |
| "THE WICKED LORD BYRON." By Walter Thornbury. | 170 | MR. DAWBARN. By T. W. Robertson, author of "Caste," "Society," "Ours," "School," etc. (<i>London Society</i>). | 185 |
| A NARROW ESCAPE. | 174 | ERNEST RENAN AT HOME. (With Portrait.) By Geo. M. Towle. | 190 |
| LETTERS FROM A COUNTRYWOMAN: III. | 175 | TABLE-TALK. | 193 |
| SONNET. By Paul H. Hayne. | 175 | LITERARY NOTES. | 193 |
| CHARCOAL SKETCHES. (Illustrated.) By J. R. Thompson. | 176 | MISCELLANY. | 194 |
| THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS: Chapters XLI. and XLII. A Novel. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany." | 178 | THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.) | 195 |
| DISCOVERY OF A NEW MANUSCRIPT OF THE PENTATEUCH. By George McWhorter. | 181 | SUPPLEMENT—"Ralph the Heir," Chapters IV., V., and VI. By Anthony Trollope. | |

EIGHT PER CENT. GOLD FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

OF THE ISSUE OF
\$1,500,000,

BY THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY,

In denominations of \$1,000 and \$500, coupon or registered, with interest at Eight per cent. per annum, payable 15th February and August, in Gold, free of United States taxes, in New York or Europe. The bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York in Gold. Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York. The mortgage which secures these bonds is at the rate of \$13,500 per mile: covers a completed road for every bond issued, and is a first and only mortgage. The line connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney will make a short and through route to California.

The Company have a Capital Stock of.....\$10,000,000
And a Grant of Land from Congress of 1,600,000 acres, valued
at the lowest estimate at.....4,000,000
First Mortgage Bonds.....1,500,000
Total.....\$15,500,000
Length of road, 271 miles; price, 97½ and accrued interest. Can be obtained from the undersigned. Also, pamphlets, maps, and information relating thereto. These bonds, being so well secured, and yielding a large income, are desirable to parties seeking safe and lucrative investments.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO., Commercial Agents,
No. 54 Pine Street, New York.
TANNER & CO., Fiscal Agents,
No. 49 Wall Street, New York.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers to APPLETONS' JOURNAL, whose subscriptions commence with the current year, are informed that Mrs. OLIPHANT'S Novel of

THE THREE BROTHERS

Is now printed in pamphlet-form, up to the point where it commences in the present volume of the JOURNAL, and will be mailed, post-paid, to any address, upon the receipt of THIRTY CENTS.

With Number Forty-three of the JOURNAL, Anthony Trollope's new Novel,

"RALPH THE HEIR,"

Was commenced in a Supplement. This Novel will appear in Monthly Parts in London, and each monthly instalment will be issued in a Supplement to APPLETONS' JOURNAL, without extra charge, simultaneously with its publication in England.

Subscribers to APPLETONS' JOURNAL are respectfully informed that notice of discontinuance is not necessary, as the JOURNAL in no case is continued beyond the time subscribed for. But subscribers will please notice that the figures at the right of the name, on the direction label, indicate the number with which their subscription expires.